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"In my imagination I am transported to the home of my youth, and seated around the fireside of those whom I shall never forget."—Page 33.

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MEMOIR

OF

MR. RALPH ISHAM BROWN,

LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE

FEMALE SEMINARY IN PAWTUXET, R. I.

BY BRADLEY MINER,
Pastor of the Baptist Church in Woonsocket, R. I.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PAUL.

PROVIDENCE:
H. H. BROWN..... 25 MARKET SQUARE.
1835.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not presumed that the following Memoir will be as interesting to those who were unacquainted with Mr. Brown, as many similar works already before the public. He died so young that his powers of mind were but partially developed, and lived so much in retirement that his efforts to do good were comparatively few. It cannot be expected that a life so short, and spent principally in the retirement of study, should furnish incidents sufficiently numerous and important to make the work very interesting. It will therefore be enquired why the work is published. We reply, it is designed principally for the friends of Mr. Brown, and to them it will possess an additional interest, from their acquaintance with him. Again, for the reason above stated, hundreds will read the work, and we hope be benefitted by it, who do not possess those works which are more interesting.

In justice to Mr. Brown we remark, it is probable he had not the most distant expectation that his writings would ever be published. His Letters were hastily written, and his reflections in his Diary were the plain and simple overflowings of his heart when in retirement. If he had known these writings would be published, he would have been more particular in

their composition ; but we doubt whether they would have been more interesting. They now appear in all their beautiful and touching simplicity. We have made no other alterations than such as do not affect the sentiment, by correcting such comparatively trifling errors as escaped the notice of the writer in his haste.

The little book is sent forth as a messenger of mercy, with no pretensions to greatness, but with the hope, on the part of the writer, that it will do good. And the writer will feel himself justified in having given it to the public, if, through its instrumentality, some careless sinner shall be awakened to the necessity of preparing to die, some cold,heartless professor shall be aroused to faithfulness and devotion, by the holy life of our departed brother, or some Christian comforted in view of a death bed of such glorious triumph. B. M.

Woonsocket Falls, Sept. 1835.

MEMOIR, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks—His Birth-Place—His Conversion—Habits of Study, &c.

When men who have been extensively known and applauded for their learning, or patriotism or wealth, are removed from the world, we feel justified in inscribing their names on the page of history. But we have given such names too great ascendancy over those whose lives have been eminent examples of the triumphs of the cross. We have presented to the world too prominently, deeds of mere worldly valor. The life and death of the individual who has lived almost unknown to the world, may be, and often is, a more fit subject for the admiration and imitation of others, than the deeds which have so often filled the world with wonder. To us the wranglings of the popular assembly, the deeds of human butchery, or the scenes of voluptuousness, have no charm, though

so universally considered the proper theme of him who would write for the benefit of mankind. But we love to contemplate the power and benevolence of Divine grace, as exhibited in the life and death of the devoted Christian. Nor does it diminish our admiration that the individual was young, and little known to the world. Religion often appears most lovely in the Christian whose heart has not been filled with the conflicting interests of the world; whose piety, kindled at the altar of God in retirement, has not been forced to burn dimly, by coming in contact with the adverse elements of the world. What the poet has so sweetly said of the *gem* and the *flower*, beautifully describes the religion which sends forth its brightness and its fragrance far from the gaze and applause of the multitude.

> "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So Divine grace has made more marvellous displays of its holy energy in the cottage than in the palace. We invite the attention of the reader, in the following pages, not to the renown and prowess which multitudes so warmly admire, but to the joys and sorrows of the Christian. We invite his attention to the *vic-*

tories of all conquering grace, the *triumph* of the believer over the world, the *heavenly peace* of the soul.

Mr. RALPH ISHAM BROWN was born in North Stonington, Con. November 20, 1811. He was the second son of Christopher Brown, who died about three years before his son. Capt. Brown was a farmer, and Ralph for several years was trained to the same employment. The farm which has been handed down from father to son for several generations, is one of those rural retreats which are calculated to impress the mind favorably with the adorable perfections of that God who is seen in all his works. In the city or populous town and village, the young mind is constantly occupied with the ever-changing and often demoralizing scenes of society. But in the country the youth sees more of God and less of man. The beautiful and magnificent objects of nature are well calculated to enlarge his imagination and soften his heart. Many of the greatest and best men received their first impressions among the trees and brooks and hills of their fathers' farms. And much of their characteristic excellence was owing to these early impressions. So the immortal POLLOCK, who in describing his own birth-place and early residence, has given us a picture of the romantic spot where the subject

of this Memoir spent the years of his childhood.

> "In humble dwelling born, retir'd, remote,
> In rural quietude; 'mong hills and streams,
> And melancholy deserts, where the sun
> Saw, as he pass'd, a shepherd only, here
> And there watching his flock; or heard
> The plowman talking to his steers—his hopes,
> His morning hopes, awake before him smiling,
> Among the dews and holy mountain airs;
> And fancy color'd them with every hue
> Of heavenly loveliness."

As a part of this description must be mentioned the brook and the grove where Ralph in his boyhood, with his companions beguiled many long hours in youthful sports. Here in summer they listened to the sweet music of the feathered songsters, or plucked the wild flowers of the beautiful grove, or caught the unwary of the "finny tribe," as they glided through the clear waters; and here in winter they sported upon the smooth surface of the frozen brook. An anecdote is related of Ralph in one of his sports, which illustrates his courage and his affection. While they were playing, one of his companions broke through the ice, and holding on to the edge, called out for assistance. No one dared venture to the spot but little Ralph. He, though the youngest, immediately ran and rescued his companion. But there is another fact connected with this spot, which gives to it now a mournful interest, and to which we shall again allude in this work. That fact is, the

grave of Ralph is near this same grove, by the side of this same brook. The waters still roll on in their murmurings, the trees still wave their lofty tops, the birds still "carol over head," but, alas! for him who once gave life and joy to the scene. He is still there, but how changed! Changed as all that is bright and lovely of earth must soon be. Changed from life to death.

In the spring and summer of 1822 there was a powerful revival of religion in North Stonington, during which hundreds were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and to these days of blessedness have looked back with the feelings of the Psalmist, when he said, 'Oh that it were with me,' &c.

During this revival Ralph became hopefully pious and united with the first Baptist church in his native town. We regret that there is no record of his religious exercises at this time, which might be presented to the reader from his own pen. But this deficiency is in some measure supplied by the recollections of his friends. One of these recollections shows the interest with which he regarded even the place where he found peace in believing. He was riding in company with a friend, when pointing to a spot at some distance, he remarked, "I shall never forget that place, for it was there I first found pardon and began to live from spiritual death."

At the time of his conversion he was but *eleven* years old, and we cannot forbear a remark upon so pleasing an instance of early piety. Religion is always lovely. It is pleasant to see the aged sinner, who has spent his best days in rebellion against God, turning from the error of his ways,

> "While the lamp holds out to burn."

But there is a greater interest and loveliness in youthful piety, described by the poet when he says it

> "Fairest in the youngest shows,
> And yields the sweetest fruit."

There is *nothing* to be lost by embracing religion early in life, while *everything* may be lost if it is neglected. He who "seeks *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness," has the plain and unfailing promise that '*all things* shall be added.' God has said, "those that seek me *early shall find* me." To him there is no uncertainty; while he who seeks God *late*, may find him and may not. The young Christian commences life every way prepared to enjoy it, while he who neglects religion, lives a stranger to its consolations and its supports. Religion is the balm which God has provided for all the woes of life, the sovereign remedy for all its ills. He who is early pious, lays up in store this spiritual medicine, and thus gains an important ascendancy over him, who resolves to brave all

the storms of life without a shelter, to suffer all its ills without a medicine, and to endure all its woes without any alleviation. In *this* respect who does not see the advantage of becoming early religious? Who would not seek God *early* and seek *first* his kingdom and his righteousness? But when we take into the account the further difference, when we see one with all his present enjoyment of a "hundred fold in this life," living with the prospect and more, with the unfailing promise of glory, immortality and eternal life, the other living a stranger to real enjoyment here, and with no better prospect than indescribable and eternal wo hereafter, who would not choose early piety? If the neglect of religion were only the loss of present enjoyment, he is guilty of unpardonable folly who neglects it. But how supreme the guilt and folly of this neglect, when it is no less than constant exposure to eternal ruin! Let the example of our departed brother, who secured the hope of heaven at eleven years of age, successfully admonish those, who farther advanced in life, are standing

"On slippery places, while fiery billows roll beneath."

Mr. Brown for several years after he professed religion, attended school during the winter, and spent the summer in laboring on his father's farm. During this period he collected as many books as possible, and spent every leisure mo-

ment in reading and studying them. It was his practice when he came in from the field, to take up his book and spend those few moments which usually precede and follow the taking of meals, in committing it in course. He thus endeavored to improve to the best advantage those short seasons which are always allowed as a respite from labor; and as the fruit of this laudable practice, we have heard him repeat large portions of some of the Epistles and other books. It is a wrong impression which most persons have, when they suppose they cannot learn unless they devote their whole time to the subject, and this in some literary institution. This is desirable when it is within the reach of one who thirsts for knowledge. But the same object may be attained by patiently persevering in the course pursued by Ralph. Not an individual can be found in all our land who has a good excuse for continuing in ignorance. There is not one who may not find as much as five minutes preceding and following each meal. Now let us see how much time for study this will amount to in one year. It will be a half hour for each day, three hours for each week, not reckoning the Sabbath, and one hundred and fifty-six hours in a year. Now it is thought that six hours close application to study is enough for any one in a day, and that he will learn as

much to devote only this time, as to study more. We have then in our calculation from the one hundred and fifty-six hours, no less than twenty-six days of hard study. This is worth vastly more than one month of constant application to books, because then the mind is burdened with so much, it retains in the memory less; but in the other case, learning a little every day, the mind easily retains it, so that the month of study in this case is improving the time to the best advantage. How much then may be learned by pursuing some regular system of studying a few minutes every day. It will amount to a great deal in one year, but a vast amount in ten years. This was the course pursued by the subject of this Memoir, and his success greatly recommends it to the reader.

It was also Ralph's custom to remember every text from which he had heard a sermon preached, and some useful reflections suggested by it. At the time of hearing the sermon it required but a few moments labor, but every sermon added to his stock of knowledge. A short time before his death he offered to name to the writer every place where he had heard him preach, with the circumstances and the text selected for the occasion. As these seasons were quite numerous, and at intervals of from five to six years, it required more than ordinary attention and pow-

ers of recollection to perform it. It would be well if the habit were general, of remembering the text of the preacher, and some of the most prominent and useful remarks. For many hear with so much indifference as to be wholly unable to remember what they have heard. They remember the impression made on their minds, they know they have heard a good sermon, but they cannot tell a word that was said. This practice requires but little labor, and would richly repay that labor by the store of scriptural learning it would treasure up. There is another important advantage, and that is, the strength it gives to the memory. It is the habit of remembering which enables us to remember. Mr. Brown was a pleasing example of this remark. The excellent memory which he possessed was not a natural endowment, so much as the fruit of meritorious industry. He had bestowed particlar attention upon that wonderful faculty by which we are enabled to recall past events, and as the reward of his labor he could do it with astonishing facility and correctness.

Pursuing this course till he was sixteen years old, he acquired a valuable fund of knowledge, derived from the Scriptures, and some excellent works of which he had gained possession. Among these was Dwight's Theology, which he very much admired, and of which we have heard him quote, from memory, large portions.

CHAPTER II.

From the age of sixteen to the time of his leaving Hamilton, to take charge of the Ladies' Seminary in Pawtuxet.

From the age of sixteen he acted as an instructor for two or three years. He then engaged himself as a clerk in a store, where he continued for a few months, but feeling his inclination for books too powerful to be easily resisted, he determined to gratify his desire by studying one of the professions. That of the Law we presume he never sincerely thought of. The Ministry he had for a long time thought to be his duty, though perhaps few, if any except the writer, knew his feelings on this subject. He had told us repeatedly, for several years previous, that he was convinced God had called him to the great work of preaching the gospel to his dying fellow-men. And afterwards that his object in becoming a merchant was to obtain the means of pursuing his studies. When he left the store, two reasons induced him still to neglect what he knew God had solemnly enjoined upon him. He had for some time been engaged in the business of the world, associating with gay and thoughtless companions till he had lost the enjoyment of religion, and was less dis-

posed to obey the commands of God than he might otherwise have been. Again, his sense of the duties, trials and responsibilities of the sacred office made him shrink back from it. And well he might, though not so far as to neglect his duty. No heart, which has not been called to bear up under the load, can tell the weight which rests oppressively on the mind of him who, while he inquires "who is sufficient for these things?" is constrained to say, "wo is me if I preach not the gospel." The gospel ministry has its peculiar joys, we admit, but it has trials for the faithful minister which nothing but the grace of God can enable him to endure. The ministry, faithfully attended to, presents nothing that is flattering to the pride and ambition of the youth. But generally it is one continued scene of self-denial, incessant toil and bitter suffering. We rejoice that it is so, and hope no one will ever take upon himself this high trust till he is willing to renounce the world and "have no home but Heaven." It was this view of the subject that induced our brother to hope he might yet be excused from preaching the gospel, and with these feelings he commenced the study of medicine. But he soon left it to obey his part of that commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Some have charged

Mr. Brown with being too changeable in his feelings, because he changed his profession. But we can easily, from personal knowledge, vindicate him from this charge. From childhood his mind was fixed upon the duty of proclaiming the news of salvation to a lost world, and all his changes from one employment to another was only an effort to get away from what he knew to be a self-denying and cross-bearing work. Like Jonah, who took ship to Tarshish to release himself from a command which it was unpleasant to obey, Mr. Brown was willing to pursue any honest course that might excuse him from preaching the gospel. But, like the prophet, he found it useless to resist the calls of God, and at length entered cheerfully, with his whole heart, upon the work of winning souls to Christ.

When God plainly points out the path in which he would have us travel, when, by his Word, his Spirit and his Providence he plainly says, "this is the way, walk ye in it," it is safest and wisest immediately to obey. But plain as this principle is, multitudes conduct contrary to it. Many young men who know what duty is, are unwilling to do it till driven on by the judgments of God. Such should remember that their opposition will be fruitless. If God has called, they must obey. If not without chas-

tisement, they will have it. God will lay his hand heavily upon them till he is obeyed. Nor ought they to suppose, as some have done, that these chastisements are evidences of a call to the ministry. They are evidences of disobedience. They prove conclusively that he who should have said "here am I, Lord, send me," fought against duty till driven to its performance.

The time of Mr. Brown's engagements of which we have spoken, was spent in the village of his native town. While residing here, he left the path of duty and wandered far into sin and vanity. He became associated with many young people, and with them yielded to the temptation to neglect religion for the world. As many will read this who knew him at the time to which we allude, it is necessary to observe that he always regretted this portion of his life, and with bitter repentance sought for pardon. He has often expressed this to us, and particularly a short time previous to his death. He told us that, though he was guilty of nothing but what most young persons supposed to be innocent, he lived without God. Young Christians are often deceived in their estimate of the guilt of spending much time in trifling conversation and vain amusements; they too often consider these the innocent diversions of young

people. But they may rest assured that it is all incompatible with true religion, and sooner or later they will bitterly lament their folly.

Mr. Brown related to the church of which he was a member his exercises and views of duty, and was by them licensed as a preacher of the gospel in the commencement of 1830, and he was then 18 years of age. He spent a few months following in the vicinity of home, preaching in different places with great acceptance, and then left for the Baptist Literary and Theological Seminary, Hamilton, New York. We shall be obliged to trust mostly to his Diary and Letters for his history in connexion with this Institution. The circumstances under which the student pursues his studies in the seclusion of a seminary, are unfavorable to that variety of exercises and incidents calculated to promote his growth in grace and give an interest to his letters and other writings. The Pastor has much to awaken religious feelings. He must preach several times a week, and is of necessity spiritually enlivened by his efforts to benefit others. He mingles constantly with society, and is thus influenced to be guarded in all his conduct. His intercourse with the afflicted, the tempted, and the rejoicing, promotes his own spiritual enjoyment, and gives an interesting liveliness and variety to his conversation and

his writings. Not so with the student; withdrawn from society and spending most of his time in study, he is tempted to carelessness in his spiritual duties, from the fact that he is unobserved except by the eye of brotherly kindness and charity. And he is tempted to coldness of religious feelings by the sameness of each day's labor.

If, therefore, the writings of our dear departed brother breathe so much of Heaven under all these discouragements, what would his writings have been had his piety been kept alive by all the influences which press upon the pastor? Pious students (and all students ought to be pious) should remember that in the college or the seminary they are forming characters for life, and contracting habits which will be likely to cling to them through all future years. There is, therefore, great need of watchfulness and prayer, when the consequences of neglect must be so severely felt. With reference to this duty our brother writes in his diary—

"*Monday, April* 30, 1830.—This morning I came to the conclusion that it was necessary, for my advancement in holiness and in my studies, to have some rules for the regulation of my conduct. Hours for study, prayer, reading and meditation; for exercise and relaxation from

study. I have tried to follow these rules to-day; but in some, I have it to lament, I have failed. Our class held a prayer meeting this evening. I felt, for the most part of the time, uncommonly stupid. Oh! I am satisfied that I am at a great distance from God. Oh Lord, wake up my drowsy powers and call them forth into more vigorous exertion. Let me live with an eye single to thy glory."

The resolutions which follow were found among his papers, and are probably those to which he refers above. A copy of them, considerably amended, was found in his vest pocket after his death, where he carried them, doubtless, that he might have them at hand to read often. We insert them to show the efforts he made for mental and spiritual improvement, and to induce others to do the same:

"*Rules, which, with the assistance of the Spirit of God, I mean rigidly to follow during this week.*

1. I will rise at half past four o'clock and pray to God, while dressing, that he will enable me rightly to improve the day.

2. I will spend the time till five o'clock in reading, meditation and prayer.

3. I will spend the time after prayer, till the bell rings for labor, in reading the Bible and other good books, and the time of labor I will spend in studying my grammar and in committing a verse from the Scriptures.

4. I will spend the time from the ringing of the bell for breakfast until 7 o'clock, in breakfasting, exercise, &c.

5. From seven till half past seven, I will read history, or something useful.

6. I will commence my classical studies precisely at half past seven, and study till eleven, stopping five minutes every half hour to let my mind rest.

7. I will go praying to recitation, and try while there to bend my mind to my lesson and to the remarks of my teacher.

8. The time from twelve to half past twelve I will spend in exercise and relaxation from study.

9. I will commence my classical studies precisely at one o'clock, and pursue the same course marked out for the forenoon for study, recitation, &c.

10. From half past five till supper, I will spend in reviewing Latin.

11. I will exercise, &c. from supper till seven o'clock. I will then review Greek one hour, and study classics till nine.

12. I will spend a short time in secret prayer after each meal.

13. I will pray at every ringing of the bell, and when going to my meals.

14. I will try to be temperate in eating and drinking.

15. I will tell no anecdote, unless it will be for God's glory.

16. I will try not to laugh loud nor talk unprofitably.

17. I will read these over at nine in the evening, and write in my Diary."

These resolutions he made at first for one week, and then renewed them, because he thought he should be more likely to observe them if made for a stated period. And besides, he would have the liberty of making any alteration at the close of the week which experience should prove to be necessary. He mentions praying at "every ringing of the bell;" and we remark, for the information of the reader who may not be acquainted with the fact, that the bell rings eight or ten times a day. Nor were these eight or ten times a day his only seasons of prayer. It will be seen by these resolutions that he had several others. He unquestionably owed much of his piety and success to his praying without ceasing. If you, reader, neglect

prayer, be admonished by the example before you of a young man having his twelve seasons, at least, of prayer to Almighty God. The bells ringing for labor, of which he makes mention, has reference to the fact that the students in that Institution spend a short time each day in labor. The observance of these excellent regulations had a powerful influence on Mr. Brown's mental and spiritual improvement which he made during his connexion with the Seminary.

Soon after his arrival at Hamilton he wrote to his parents, giving an account of his journey, prospects, &c.; but we pass by these letters, giving only the following extract:

"Hamilton Seminary, July 28, 1830.

My dear Parents,

It is Wednesday afternoon. I have retired to my room, thrown up my window, which faces to the south and affords a delightful prospect of the surrounding scenery, and have placed myself at my table to hold a conference with the guardians of my youth.**** When I wrote you before, I informed you that I expected to stay here six years. This doubtless surprised you. But the reasons I can assign for so doing are numerous." [He here assigns several reasons, which would not be interesting to the general reader, and adds]—"Another reason is, the

present age requires that those who attempt to preach the gospel should be thoroughly furnished with arguments to plead the cause of the Redeemer. I say the present age requires it.

When I turn my attention to the Western States—to the valley of the Mississippi—I behold a dark and woful night hanging over that portion of our beloved country. The Roman Catholics in that region are on the alert, and making every exertion to spread their unhallowed principles. Alexander Campbell is making terrible havoc among the churches. Infidelity, arrayed in its most formidable attire, is disseminating its deleterious and pernicious doctrines, and thousands have already felt their baneful effects. We can only adopt the language of the apostle and exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I often weep when I call to mind the unhappy condition of that section of our country. Considering the worth of the immortal soul, and the danger of its being lost, I pant for the blessed privilege of preaching the everlasting gospel to those who are starving for the bread of eternal life. I long to tell those in that region that a Saviour has offered up his life to meet the exigencies of the dying sinner. But I feel the vast importance of being duly qualified, of having a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in order to be a

successful preacher of the cross of Christ. I often think of the land of my nativity. Alas! that there should be one in that place where the gospel has long been faithfully preached, who should be so callous to the voice of conscience as to despise the offers of bleeding mercy. * * * I am perfectly contented, and feel sensible that my happiest days are now gliding away.

Your affectionate son,

R. I. BROWN."

Before the date of Mr. Brown's next letter, he was called, in the Providence of God, to sustain an irreparable loss in the death of his father. This event was very sudden, and Ralph did not anticipate the shock. We were on a visit to the West at the time, and had an opportunity of witnessing the calm resignation of our brother in the loss of a parent whom he tenderly loved. But he can better speak for himself in the following letter.

"Hamilton Seminary, N. Y. Oct. 2, 1830.

"DEAR MOTHER,

My feelings are very peculiar while I now address you. A thousand thoughts of home rush on my mind, while I attempt to address one who, in the Providence of God, has been called to mourn the loss of an affectionate hus-

band. Ah! little did I think, when I left home last spring, where many years of my life had rolled away into eternity, that I should never again behold the face of the father who had watched over my juvenile years with anxious solicitude. But such are the mysterious ways of Providence. While we are dreaming of happiness, and indulging the pleasing hope that we shall long enjoy the society of our friends, Death, that "insatiate archer," bends his bow and aims his arrow at their heart, and the object on which our affections are placed is gone, gone forever. The judgments of God are peculiarly calculated to wean us from the world, and relax our eager grasp upon its fading, withering objects. Lest the sun of prosperity should dazzle us too much, the clouds of adversity are permitted to intervene, that we may experience their salutary influence. Ah! how soon can Jehovah blast all our fond hopes of happiness, to show us the uncertainty of all creature comforts and earthly good. Dear mother, while we are called to drop the silent tear over one whom we loved, let us remember "it is the hand of the Lord" that hath done it, and that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." Gladly would I pour the oil of consolation into your wounded spirit, if it were in my power. But I trust the consolations of God with you are nei-

ther few nor small. Truly, the religion of Jesus is every thing. Without it the world is but a dreary waste, and human life almost insupportable. It is this invaluable treasure which enables us to look beyond this vale of tears to a brighter and better world, where no storm arises, no tempest threatens, and no sorrows roll across the peaceful breast to disturb its felicity. Oh, glorious hope, reviving prospect! Let the world be forgotten in view of that "eternal weight of glory" which is reserved for the ransomed of God.

I more than ever see the importance of living near the throne—of devoting all I have in the service of the great Redeemer. * * * As life is "but a vapor which appeareth for a while and then vanisheth away," it becomes us to spend it all in the service of God—to improve its golden moments, and to dedicate the short remnant of our days to the service of Him who has done so much to bless and save us."

Mr. Brown, on the same occasion, addressed the following lines to his elder brother, and sister next younger.

"DEAR BROTHER F.,

Called as we are, in the morning of life, to mourn the loss of an affectionate parent, I hope

that it may serve to show us the changeableness and deceitfulness of all earthly objects, and enable us to live more devoted to God.

> "How vain are all things here below,
> How false, and yet how fair;
> Each pleasure hath its poison too,
> And every sweet a snare."

I beseech you, dear brother, to be often in prayer: suffer not your affections to be too much placed on things below."

"There's nothing true but heaven."

"Dear Sister M.,

What shall I say to you? My mind often wanders away to the scenes of my childhood, where every prospect was bright and sunny, when scarcely a cloud floated across my horizon. I often think of the pleasant visits we have made together. We then enjoyed the smiles of a father; but, oh! he has gone down to the silent grave. What now are the feelings of your heart? Are you still a gay and thoughtless girl? or are you more aroused to a sense of duty? Oh! how long will you walk in the way of the transgressor and be numbered among the enemy? I hope, when I hear from you, I shall hear that you have done your duty. That you are determined, let an ungodly world say what it

may, to walk in the blood-traced footsteps of the Saviour. May the Lord bless you, and preserve you from the vanities of this wicked world, is the prayer of your brother."

The prayer of our dear brother was answered. This sister soon after professed religion, and stood at the bedside of Ralph when he was dying; and he had the happiness of taking the parting hand with her as a follower of the dear Saviour.

It has often been remarked, that many, perhaps most of the best men of our times, had praying mothers, to whose influence and prayers their early piety and subsequent devotedness were, in a great measure, to be ascribed. This was true of our departed brother. And how rich is the reward, even in this life, which such mothers receive. They see and reap the fruits of their faithfulness. Let both the praying and the prayerless mother read the following letter, and be encouraged or admonished as they have been faithful or negligent in training up their children for God and heaven. If there can be any thing on earth which is an adequate compensation for the sufferings, anxiety and toils of a mother, it must be the reward of having such a son. The letter was written while he was spending the winter vacation of the Seminary,

which at that time was twelve weeks, in teaching school.

"Norwich, N. Y. Feb. 12, 1831.

"DEAR MOTHER,

As an opportunity is presented of writing you, by Maj. D. R. W., I thought best to improve it. The scenes of my childhood are fresh in my recollection, and time will not easily efface them. In my imagination I am transported to the home of my youth, and seated around the fireside with those whom I shall never forget.—But, oh! recollection soon assumes her empire, and I find myself far away from home, immured within the walls of a school-house, and surrounded by a number of mischievous scholars. My mind often lingers upon those happy seasons when we surrounded the family altar, read a portion of God's Holy Word, and joined in humble prayer. At such times the Holy Spirit I trust was there, and I often felt myself filled with love divine. Oh! tell me not that happiness is a resident in scenes of merriment—in walls of worldly pleasure. One evening spent in meditating on the Divine Goodness, in reading the Scriptures, or in prayer, is worth more than years spent in the follies of the world. My heart is pained when I see those who profess to be the followers of Jesus, stepping aside from the path of innocence, keeping pace with the

ungodly in the follies of the world, going to parties of pleasure, and wasting those precious moments which were given to us for a more noble purpose. Ah! how little do they think they are planting thorns in their pillows—that a day will come when their souls will be harrowed up with the recollection that they have brought a dark stain upon the bleeding cause of Christ. Little do they realize that the influence of their pernicious example will be felt long after they are sunk in deep forgetfulness.

I have thought recently, dear mother, on your situation; and on what must be your feelings at the present time. Called, as you are, to drink the waters of affliction, are you reconciled to the will of God—or are you ready to murmur and repine at his Providences? But I need not ask these questions. I feel well assured that you view the present afflictions as the chastisements of a merciful Father. For "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." He afflicts us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. The apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer afflictions. The blessed Saviour was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We are surrounded by "a cloud of witnesses," who had "trials of cruel mockings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were torn asunder, stoned, of whom the world was not

worthy." But life, with all its distresses, was quickly over, and they were borne home to everlasting life.

I have often thought, when I have heard people talk about enjoying the good things of this life, and hoping they should not be called to suffer afflictions, that they little knew the value of afflictions. I have thought lately, if there were any persons to be envied, they are those who are called to wade through the deep waters of affliction, to stem the waves and billows of sorrow, disappointment and blasted hope. And not those around whose pathway no dark cloud gathers, and are

> "Carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease."

Heaven will be brighter and sweeter to those who "have come up out of great tribulation," who pass "the days of their sojourning here in fear." The afflictions of this life are of short duration—they will soon be over. They are calculated to unbend our minds from the objects of this perishing world—to promote holiness in our hearts—to strengthen our attachment to the cause of Christ, and finally they will "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It has been my object lately to try to forget the world, and I can truly say that I

care not for its riches or honors. If I can only be instrumental of doing good, of glorifying my blessed Redeemer, and can live a holy life, it is all I desire.

Religion, I lament to say it, is clothed in the habiliments of mourning in this village. It is not so in adjacent towns. Professor Sears has baptized between forty and fifty at Hamilton since last fall. Oh! that the Most High would revive his work and have mercy upon sinners in this place, who are hastening on to meet a dreadful doom. I must conclude, as my paper fails, and I have other letters to write. May heaven's blessings rest upon you, *and as many afflictions* as your Heavenly Father shall deem necessary for your furtherance in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Your affectionate son,
R. I. BROWN."

We are happy to state that the prayer of our brother was answered a few months after the date of the above letter. The beautiful town of N. was visited with the grace of God and made more excellent by an abundant harvest of the fruits of the Divine Spirit. A multitude of souls, who were dead in trespasses and sins when he wrote the above, soon after were brought to rejoice "in hope of glory." It will be seen by

the Diary and Letters of Mr. Brown, how much interest he felt in the good work.

The following letter in reply to a friend, will give us his views of the necessity of a thorough education for the ministry, his anxiety for the people in N., &c.

"Norwich, Feb. 14, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER,

As a favorable opportunity is presented for writing you, I embrace it with unusual pleasure. I return you my unfeigned thanks for your advice, but think best not to follow it. I am fully sensible that six years is quite a long period to devote to study. I am sensible, also, that laborers are needed now in the vineyard of God—that "the fields are white, ready to the harvest" —that the day of our usefulness will soon be over—that the dismal night of death will soon come, "in which no man can work." I trust I have weighed these considerations well. But in view of the present situation of things, in view of the rapid strides infidelity is making in the world, and the great utility of a proper understanding of the Scriptures of divine truth, in order to silence gainsayers and cavilers at the religion of the cross, I feel it my duty to devote six years to study. Suppose all should have followed your advice and never studied the lan-

guages, where would have been our English translation of the Bible? What influence would Luther have exerted, if he had not been a man of learning?

When I see how ignorant I am, and the necessity of ministers of the gospel being thoroughly qualified for the work, I am more than ever convinced, that I have done right in adopting the present course. I am aware that souls are perishing, that multitudes are pressing on to hell, and I feel I might do some good by the blessing of God, if I should now take the field. And if there were no prejudice to encounter, no strong holds of atheism, no intrenchment of infidelity to approach, if all believed the Bible to be the word of God, and the eternity of rewards and punishments taught therein; I should enter the work without delay. But O what a formidable host rises up to meet us in every direction! There are ungodly Atheists who deny the existence of God, there are Deists, Roman Catholics, Universalists and Unitarians (who deny that Jesus was equal to the Father, a doctrine which even the devils dare not deny,) and a host of others, presenting their shameless front against the doctrines taught by the blessed Saviour. The disciples of Jesus did not take the field as soon as they were called. They spent three years under the instruction of Him who taught as never man taught, before they were per-

mitted to go forth to preach to their dying fellow men.******Elder S. lives only a few rods from my school house. He is a friend whom I have every reason to love and respect. I have no pleasant news to communicate to you, at this time, respecting the state of religion in this place. Christians seem to be asleep and sinners are coursing the downward road to hell. N——, like Capernaum, is "exalted to Heaven" in its privileges, but I fear (unless the grace of God prevents) that many of its inhabitants like those of Capernaum will "be thrust down to hell." Oh, how we need a reformation. The Lord is doing wonders in almost every direction around us. Prof. S. who preaches in Hamilton (and a first rate preacher he is too,) has baptized between 40 and 50,and a goodly number have also been added to the Presbyterian Church there. About one thousand it is thought have experienced religion in and around Rochester. There is now a revival in Utica, and in other places around us, O that the tide of salvation would roll this way.***** I understand that you have united with the church. It afforded me much pleasure when I heard of it. I have also heard that you are teaching school. I hope you do your duty to your scholars by pointing them to Jesus.

Yours &c.

R. I. BROWN.

Soon after the date of the above letter, Mr. Brown resumed his studies at Hamilton. His progress, and his religious exercises after his return to the institution, are recorded with his own pen in his Diary, from which we shall make extracts.

"*Saturday, March* 6, 1831.—Left Norwich, where I have spent the winter teaching school, and returned to the consecrated hill to pursue the studies of the institution. Two of my brethren who had spent the winter in other places, came into N. this morning, and I had their company in the stage. How delightful to see those we love, after having been separated from them for a season. How solemn the reflection, that another winter has passed away and I am so much nearer the eternal world. Spent this evening alone, and principally in prayer. Had a happy season.

Sunday, 7th.—This day has truly been a Sabbath day's journey to my soul. Have heard two excellent discourses from our excellent Professor S. The church has enjoyed a precious revival, during the past winter. The ordinance of baptism was administered to-day. One lovely youth was buried with Christ by baptism. It was also the communion season, and the church appears very much united. O how

delightful to see so many seated around their Master's table.

Monday, 8*th*.—I feel that I ought to improve every moment, O! may I study with reference to eternity.

Tuesday, 9*th*.—If there was ever a mortal being under obligation to love the Lord, I feel that I am the one. I am surrounded with many blessings, and they justly demand of me a tribute of praise and thankfulness. But ah! what poor returns I make, how little I "live as becomes the gospel of Christ." So pressing are my studies, I fear I do not think of and prepare for a boundless eternity as I ought. A four days meeting of the Presbyterian denomination commenced in this village this evening O may the great Head of the church bless it to the salvation of some souls.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—This afternoon I attended the Union Meeting as it is called. The assembly was large and was addressed by Mr. S. who pointed out the consequences of a sinner's turning back into the world after having been awakened. He remarked that those who did, actually fought against God, because they resisted his Holy Spirit. He again remarked "it was the last effort of Almighty God to save the sinner. He had no other Son to give, no other sacrifice to make." A goodly number arose for

prayer. He also remarked upon the consequences of their turning back into the world. "They were more presumptuous sinners, given up to judicial blindness, left to believe a lie that they all might be damned who believe not the truth."

Thursday, 11*th*.—O how important that Christians should examine themselves, and prove themselves, lest they be reprobates.—How many at the last great day of retribution will be dreadfully disappointed when they "awake to shame and everlasting contempt." I more than ever feel the importance of devoting some portion of each day to self-examination. I have reason to believe if this duty were strictly attended to great good would result. This duty is greatly neglected. I feel that I do not as often as I ought, look into my own heart. Consequently prayer is neglected and my progress in the divine life impeded. O this body of sin and death.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Another week has rolled away into eternity, and I am so much nearer the grave. How little have I done for God the week past, how many precious moments have run to waste. O the levity of my resolutions to live near to God. Lord, mould me more and more into thy image. "Satisfy me early with thy mercy."

Sunday, 14*th*.—How delightful the return of the Sabbath, what invaluable blessings does it bring with it. What a rich boon is this to mankind. What superior pleasure does the Christian enjoy while he visits the courts of the living God. His soul is refreshed while he hears the word of life dispensed.

Monday, 15*th*.—As another week has commenced, may I recommence my life, and devote myself wholly and unreservedly to God, and his cause. Certainly there is nothing worthy the attention of the immortal mind in this vain and withering world. Its friendship is false, its riches and honors are ephemeral, and its pleasures disgusting. O! may I cast an eye forward to that brighter and better world, where its riches and honors will never fade, and where its pleasures will never cloy. O! may it be my object to prepare for a state of eternal blessedness.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Another day is gone, O! how swiftly roll the wheels of time! With what amazing celerity they roll us onward towards that amazing gulf, *Eternity*. How important that every moment should be improved.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—O! how useless the resolutions I make in my own strength. I often resolve that I will serve the Lord better, that I will pray more and live more humbly. But O!

a treacherous and delusive world decoys and enslaves me."

The feelings which are exhibited in the following entrance in his Diary, are common to those who commence preaching the gospel and feel the necessity of spending several years in study as a necessary preparation for the work.

Thursday, 18*th*.—I am now making the Latin language my principal study. I sometimes ask myself is it for the glory of God, that I should stay here six years, while immortal souls are perishing, to whose salvation those years might be devoted? But, O! what clouds of ignorance hang around my horizon. How little do I know concerning the word of God. How little prepared to meet the cavils of infidels, and silence gainsayers. O! may I pursue that course which will be productive of the most good."

Multitudes have the same feelings expressed by our brother, and alas! too many yield to them. A young man whose heart is warm and who knows but little of the world, and still less of what is necessary that he may be "thoroughly furnished" for the solemn work he has commenced, is easily persuaded to neglect a course of study. He supposes either that learning is not necessary, or that he can easily acquire it af-

ter being settled in the ministry. But he will find out his mistake when it is useless to lament it, and too late to correct it. That a thorough course of classical, scientific, literary and theological study is necessary for a minister of the gospel, is a fact placed beyond all controversy with those who have taken even a moderate share of pains to inform themselves on this point. It is vainly objected that the Apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men. For a great proportion of the studies presented in a course of preparation for the ministry, were placed within the attainment of the Apostles by the most abundant and felicitous means of acquiring a knowledge of them. Observe, for example, the almost innumerable oriental customs which are introduced into every chapter in the Bible. These are absolutely essential to a right understanding of the Scriptures, and require of the Biblical student of the present day, months of study. But the Apostles, and indeed the most ignorant people of their times, were familiar with all these from their childhood. The Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, which afford so great facilities for fully and correctly understanding the Holy Scriptures, were familiar to the Apostles from every-day conversation. The principles of Biblical criticism and interpretation were necessarily understood by those

who were inspired of God to write the Scriptures. The same remarks apply to most of the studies which require of the student, preparing for the ministry, years of toil. Besides these facts, the Apostles associated with Christ for several years, received instruction constantly from his lips, and thus possessed the most ample means of acquiring knowledge. We would not, for one moment, plead for the cold formality of which many learned men are guilty. Learning does not necessarily produce this effect. And it is unfortunate for the cause of education, that most learned ministers have so little of the zeal of the Apostle (who was far more learned) that so many of them strew

"The path that leads to hell with tempting flowers."

But the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to prove that the most profound learning does not preclude the minister's lips being touched with a live coal from off the altar of God. Too many students suppose that they will have sufficient time for study after being settled, aside from their pastoral labors. But if they knew the incessant toils, the painful anxieties, and all the multiplied and various labors of the pastor, they would perceive the almost utter hopelessness of realizing their anticipations. It is true, many of the most learned men have become

such after having been settled in the ministry. And this is the delusion of many young ministers. But they should remember that these men had not the privilege of studying previous to their settlement; and generally they are men of extraordinary self-denial and perseverance. He, therefore, who has not enough of these qualities to pursue a course of study preparatory to the ministry, while unencumbered with cares, is very unwise to suppose he can pursue that course when he shall be borne down by the load of cares and responsibilities that press upon the pastor. *Want of health*, the most common excuse, is equally groundless. It is a mistake, that better health is required for study than for pastoral labor; for the reverse is true. We do not mean, by these remarks, that learning is to supply the place of *piety*. If we must choose between an *ignorant* and a *graceless* ministry, by all means give us the former. And we say more—if we must choose between an ignorant and a *lifeless* ministry, give us the former.

It is as indispensably necessary that a minister should be devotedly pious as that a surgeon should be able to see; and we must not be understood as favoring the contrary doctrine. Not all the advantages of the most extensive acquirements can for one moment compensate for the

want of ardent piety in the minister of the gospel. The most admired beauties, and the most splendid attractions of science in the ambassador of Christ, are cold and lifeless without warm devotion. These qualities may call forth the admiration of the multitude. So the cold iceberg in its proud loftiness, glittering in the sun, may present all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, but chained by eternal frost, it sends forth no ray of light nor heat.

But while it is indispensably necessary that the minister of the gospel should be a pious man, it is exceedingly important that he should be a learned man. It is not to be expected that young men, when they first enter the ministry, should know the importance of being "mighty in the scriptures." They have never yet encountered the learned enemies of religion. They have never yet known the numerous difficulties which crowd around the path of the herald of salvation and forced even the apostle, with all his *learning*, piety and zeal to exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" They place much more dependence upon their ability to do great things than they would if they had been benefited by more experience; and it is not strange they should have an aversion to being shut up in some "school of the prophets." Under these circumstances, it is the duty of

every experienced Christian gently, but firmly, to point out to the young minister the path of duty; showing him the prospect of increased usefulness which is presented to him if he "studies to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—But so far from pursuing this course, many Christians and not a few churches are guilty of the opposite. They are favored with the preaching of some talented young man during a vacation, or before he commences a course of study, and being aware that if he completes his education he will be called to occupy some more important situation than theirs, they use unjustifiable means to obtain him. They will flatter him, telling him he can preach well enough now, even as well as most educated men, and that it is not necessary for *him* to study, though it may be for those who cannot preach without. They present to him their destitute condition, telling him he may not live many months, and ask him if he can reconcile his spending so much time in study with his sense of duty; if he is willing to die, after having done so little for God. We know too well the influence which this course often has on the ardent, conscientious young man. But however powerful this influence may be, it ought to be nothing; for, as it regards his preaching, if he can preach so well

now, he may be assured he can preach much better with a thorough liberal education. As for the necessities of such churches, it is very desirable that they should be supplied, but not at the expense of the increased usefulness of those who may attain to wider fields of labor, and far more successful efforts by a course of study. And then we ought to do our duty expecting to live, but willing to die when God in wisdom shall see best.

We are happy in the reflection that our dear brother, though possessing an earnest desire to preach the gospel to perishing sinners, considered it his duty to prepare for the work, and to do all the good in his power during the time of his preparation. In one of his letters to his brother, he expresses great anxiety lest he should be obliged to relinquish his studies for want of funds, and says if so, he should be "crippled all his life." He continues in his Diary:

Friday, 19*th*.—Busily engaged in fixing my room; scarcely had time, (or forgot) to think of God and the vast concerns of eternity.

Saturday, 29*th*.—Another week has closed. The duties I have neglected during the past week must meet me in the day of judgment. The precious moments which have been wasted or misimproved, can never be recalled. O

may I be prepared for my last and solemn change. May the lamp of my piety burn with a purer and a brighter flame.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Another Sabbath with its attendant privileges has returned. O that I might possess the feelings of the Psalmist when he said, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." The day has gone by. I have attended a conference meeting this evening and heard the voice of young converts praising God. O how interesting to contemplate the young Christian in his "earliest love." It is the youth of the immortal spirit. We can look forward to the ceaseless ages of eternity, when its powers will be developed, when new beauties will be unveiled and new glories charm the soul forever.

Monday, 22*d*.—Our class held a prayer meeting this evening, and it was a refreshing season. O, if these seasons are but a foretaste of heaven, what will it be when we get home!

Wednesday, 24*th*.—Prayer is the very breath of the Christian; without it his enjoyments will be few. A person must not expect to be useful or happy unless he prays much. I feel that I greatly neglect this duty.

It is particularly pleasing to observe the views which our brother had of *prayer*, that infinitely important, but much neglected duty. We often

complain that our prayers are not answered; but if we were as faithful in performing this duty as we should be, there would be no cause of complaint. Our prayers are too cold and heartless to be answered. And one reason of this is, we pray but once or twice perhaps during the day, when we are commanded to "pray without ceasing." If we were to imitate the subject of this memoir, who prayed while dressing, every time the bell rung, when going to his meals, besides morning and evening, we should feel the truth of the beautiful sentiment,

> "Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down
> A stream of glory on the consecrated
> Hour of man in audience with the Deity."

It is easy to offer up a short silent prayer many times during the day. In the midst of company how easy it is to recline the head upon the hand, and closing our eyes, address a few words silently to God. It is our *duty*, and we shall know it to be our *interest*, if we are faithful in performing the duty. The example of heathen should admonish us. The Mahomedans have their five stated seasons for prayer for each day; and a writer recently in Russia, says, they are so scrupulous in attending to this duty, that however numerous and urgent their engagements, when the appointed time arrives,

they leave every other concern, immediately kneel and offer up their prayers. The man of business, surrounded by all his customers, still prays his five times a day. The same writer adds, a Mussalman fleeing from the plague, will find time to pray his five times a day.—What a reproof is this to prayerless professors of religion. Boswell in his life of Johnson tells us of a man, who was confined on a charge of being insane, when there was no other evidence of insanity than that he went about the street asking those he met to let him pray with them. And he would kneel and pray by the road side, and wherever he happened to be, when he could find any one who was willing to be prayed for. This course was so different from the conduct of the prayerless multitude, that they thought the praying man must be deranged.—But we agree with the great Dr. Johnson, when he says, in speaking of this man, that mankind generally give greater evidence of insanity in their neglect of prayer than this man in his unusual devotedness to it. We would not, in recommending the *form* of prayer, forget the necessity of possessing its *spirit*. Praying is something more than repeating certain words.

> "It is the soul's sincere desire
> Utter'd or unexpressed,
> The motions of a hidden fire
> That trembles in the breast."

Friday, 26*th*.—I have not had much enjoyment for a day or two past. This evening being alone, I have had opportunity to reflect on my present state. My sins arose before me, my broken vows and resolutions came thronging into my mind. I addressed a throne of grace, my heart softened, my feelings were inexpressible. O that I could always feel the influence of the Spirit. I am too lifeless in my devotions, and I do not possess that holy ardor which I ought.

Saturday, 27*th*.—Did we always reflect as we ought upon that passage in James, "What is your life, it is even a vapor that appeareth for a while and then vanisheth away," how would every moment be improved. But the busy cares of a deceitful world unbend our minds from this important subject. Week after week passes away into eternity, bearing us nearer our final home, and yet how little do we think of it! If we should devote some time each day to thoughts of death, the cold grave and a judgment day, O what an influence would it have upon our lives.

Monday, 29*th*.—O my want of spiritual mindedness! How little do I imitate the example of my blessed Saviour! I feel that I am too much inclined to be vain and light-minded. Have mercy upon me, O God!

The following beautiful paragraph ought to be read or repeated at the close of every day. O how little did our dear brother suppose it would so soon be true. How short was the time before "the day-star" of his existence did set. How often, as we passed the tomb where he lay, for many months after his death, have we thought of his own expression: "How soon will the sable curtains of the tomb be drawn around me." If the hopes and prayers and affections of a thousand anxious friends could have staid the shaft of death, O my brother, "the day-star of thy existance" had still shone, the "curtains of the tomb" had not so soon been drawn around thee. But thou art gone to that bright world where the Christian lives, no more to die; and there we will soon meet thee, for

> "Beyond the reach of time,
> Beyond the reign of death,
> There surely is some blessed clime,
> Where life is not a breath."

Tuesday, 30*th*.—Another sun has gone down, and the evening is stretched over the landscape. May it remind me that the day-star of my existence will soon set, and the sable curtains of the tomb be drawn around me. O, what is life! How swiftly does it pass away! And

ought not every moment to be improved? Yes; for every moment of our time here will have a direct bearing upon our destiny throughout the wasteless ages of eternity. It will either enhance our blessedness or roll a deeper wave of dark damnation on our guilty souls forever.—O solemn and momentous truth!

Wednesday, 31*st*.—I have had but little enjoyment this day; my thoughts have been too often wandering in secret prayer, and many times when I arise from my knees I am ready to conclude that I have "mocked God with my lips while my heart has been far from him."

The sentiments contained in the following paragraph are worthy the attention of every young Christian, and they commend themselves especially to students preparing for the sacred ministry. Such are exposed to some powerful temptations to levity, and yet if they yield to these temptations, they may rest assured that they will one day most bitterly repent it. Our departed brother possessed a natural temperament which inclined him to unusual cheerfulness, which is always in danger of carrying us too far. But he made great efforts to conquer this propensity, to be cheerful without being rude, and he in a great measure attained to it.

Friday, *April* 1*st*.—I am sensible my best days

are passing away. Now is the spring-time of my life, and it is important that it should be well improved. The habits which I am forming while here at the Institution, I am sensible will follow me through life. And if these habits are not good, O what an influence they will have upon my future life. I must expect, if I indulge in levity it will follow me through life; and at the day of judgment I shall be reproached by those who, by observing my lightness and indifference, have continued to sleep securely in sin, till death appeared, and they opened their eyes upon the world of woe.

Saturday, April 2d.—O my God, thou who hast lengthened out my life until the close of another week, forgive the sins I have committed, and shed abroad in my soul thy Holy Spirit, that I may be prepared for the duties of the approaching Sabbath.

Sunday, 3d.—This is the day when Jesus rose. May my mind advert to the sufferings, death and resurrection of my Saviour. May this be my theme to-day. May no unholy thought enter the sanctuary of my breast, and while I go to the house of God, may I reflect upon the wretched condition of the dying sinner. May my prayers ascend to God that he will meet with his people and make it a happy season."

If Christians always went to meeting with such feelings and prayers, how much more easily and successfully would the gospel be preached. Too many suppose they hear preaching merely to gratify their curiosity, and that an opportunity is offered them of criticising and passing their unjust censures upon the preacher. They roll off all the responsibility upon the burdened soul of the Minister, and think themselves excused. But they ought to feel, that while the minister is constrained to say, "Wo is me if I preach not the gospel," they should say, wo is me if I *hear* not the gospel! God will judge the hearers, as well as the preachers of his word.

Monday, 4th.—I have, for a few days past, thought much of the heathen, and sometimes I have longed to tell them of Jesus, who has offered up his life to meet the exigencies of their case; but I am sensible I cannot do much, unless I have ardent piety. O God, deepen the work of grace on my heart, that I may wield a mighty influence in favor of thy cause.

"*Tuesday, 5th.*—O, the sinner, the thoughtless sinner! I often think much of his miserable condition. And it is a solemn thought that he is exposed to eternal burnings. When I reflect upon it, I can hardly content myself here six years before I can go forth and warn my fellow men to flee from the wrath to come."

It certainly is very desirable to keep alive this anxiety for souls, in the hearts of students. To do this, however, it is not necessary that the young preacher should relinquish his studies. He can do much for the conversion of sinners by his prayers, by his intercourse with them, and by his letters, even while engaged in study. In addition to this, in most of our Institutions, the students are encouraged to go out occasionally, sometimes frequently, during term time and preach. And then all the vacations, which are usually one quarter of the time, are left at the students' entire disposal. This presents sufficient opportunity for doing good, and though many young men may feel as our brother did, and ought so to feel, they cannot consistently require more time for preaching.

"*Wednesday, 6th.*—I have reason to wonder that I am no more engaged. There certainly is every motive to incite my mind to untiring exertion in so blessed a cause. The thought that I am acting for eternity ought to be ever present with me. The influence that I exert will be felt long after the grave shall have closed around me its tufted jaws. Yes, it will be felt throughout eternity. O, God, enable me, by thy grace, to exert a salutary influence!

Thursday, 7th.—My mind dull, and but little enjoyment. O the danger of being deceived!

When I discover the least evidence that I may have built upon a false foundation, it poisons all my joys and clouds my soul with midnight.—After all, I may come short and be obliged to lie down in eternal torments. Heart-rending thought! My God, permit me not to be deceived. O, may my thoughts be more on Thee, the source of everlasting joy. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so may my soul pant after thee, O God.

Friday, 8th.—While I am attending to the study of the languages, I hope I may not forget to make improvement in piety. I am fully sensible that the student preparing for the ministry ought to make this a regular study, and devote as much time to its attainment as he devotes to the study of Greek and Latin. Science, I know, is valuable, but I fear it will prove a curse if, in attaining it, we lose our heart religion. Why did Whitfield, Edwards, Brainard, Payson and others accomplish so much good? Was it owing alone to their erudition? No, they were filled with the Holy Ghost; their hearts glowed with piety."

Mr. Brown presents a lively example of the increase of piety in a course of classical study. Too many students have lost their *piety*, not altogether their *religion*, but their *glowing piety*, in the College or the Theological Insti-

tution. There is no necessity for this, though by many, the fault is charged upon the College or the Seminary. It is chargeable upon the student alone; and he should consider the necessity of watchfulness and prayer in all his course of study.

Saturday, 9*th*.—This is a time of heavenly exploits in this part of the world. Every returning mail brings intelligence of the remarkable outpourings of the Spirit of God. Powerful revivals are taking place in almost every direction, where hardened sinners are falling before the power of omnipotent truth. The banners of the cross are waving in every part of this country; sinners are forsaking the ranks of the enemy and coming over on the Lord's side. Blessed be God that I have lived to see this day, the dawning of this Millennial morning.

Sunday, 10*th*.—What a blessed privilege to visit the sanctuary and worship the living God. How little do I improve these great blessings. How many, when the Sabbath returns, have no one to break to them the bread of life. How many rarely hear a sermon during their lives. O God, give us hearts of thankfulness for these exalted privileges, and may our desires go up to Thee for those who never heard a Saviour's name, who have no Bible to read, no God to

whom they can go: and may we at all times remember what Thou hast said, "Of those to whom much is given, much will be required."

Monday, 11*th*.—For a few months past I have thought much of the perishing heathen, and sometimes wish my studies were completed, that I might go and tell them of Jesus. The cause of Missions lies near my heart; I hear a voice saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." But O, a missionary should be a man of ardent piety, and be wholly devoted to the service of God. Gracious Father, give me more of a missionary spirit—May I feel more than ever for the wants of my dying fellow men.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—O, how deceitful is the world! But the human heart is much more so. Well might the prophet say, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." How important that every avenue should be firmly guarded. If but one small avenue to the heart be left open, Satan will find admittance. He is ever watching, and suffers no opportunity to pass unimproved. I hope I shall always remember the words of the Saviour, "resist the devil, and he will flee from thee." May I then "be sober, be vigilant; for my adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Wednesday, 13*th*.—God has preserved my

life through the solemn state of sleep, and permitted me to awake again in this world. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, f r all his mercies." O, God, be thou my guide through this day. May no vain thought be found lurking in my heart, and no idle word escape my tongue.

Evening.—The day is passed, the sun gone down, and night has drawn her curtains over the world; and I am one day nearer the judgment seat.

Thursday, 14*th.*—How delightful the morning walk; to wander out into the silent grove, at this hour of stillness; to think of God, of eternity, of that bright world far above yon azure skies, of that glittering crown which the Lord will give to those who love his appearing. How delightful, at twilight's pensive hour, to steal away to some sequestered spot and spend the time in holy meditation. How often, at such seasons, does my mind wander back to the loved scenes of youth, and linger upon the bright visions of the days when all was bright and beautiful. But O, those halcyon days have passed away. The wheels of time have been rolling on, year after year, and have borne me on toward my final home. Would to God I had better improved my time.

Friday, 15*th.*—The day has passed, and I have only to lament that I have spent it no

better, that I have made so little advancement in the divine life.

Saturday, 16*th*.—Saturday night is a proper season for reflection. Then we should review the past week, and ask ourselves—*Have we grown in grace? Are the evidences of our adoption brighter? Are we prepared for the approaching Sabbath?* These and many other questions should be asked, and candidly answered.

Sunday, 17*th*.—Another Sabbath has dawned on the world, and doubtless many souls will be refreshed to-day. Many an ardent prayer will ascend to heaven. Many solemn warnings will fall upon the ears of sinners. Many a day of grace will expire, and many a sermon will prove "a savor of death unto death!" O, solemn and affecting thought!

Monday, 18*th*.—Have attended to the study of Latin during the day, and I fear my mind has been more on my book than on God.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—I can adopt the language of the Psalmist—"My soul lies cleaving to the dust; quicken me according to thy word."

Wednesday, 20*th*.—My mind dull; scarcely any enjoyment. I feel a deadness creeping over my soul. O, gracious God, drive away these clouds of darkness, and lift upon me the light of thy countenance.

Thursday, 21*st*.—I often think of the primitive saints. How much deadness to the world they manifested. How faithfully did they follow the footsteps of their Master. How admirably they exhibited the divinity of the religion they professed. But alas! at the present time so little zeal and attachment to the cause of Christ is manifested by those who are his professed followers, that it seems as if the spirit of genuine piety had taken its flight from the world. O, how little self-denial do we manifest.

Saturday, 23*d*.—Thus, another week has gone by. Time, like the swift arrow, passes rapidly away.

> "Well, if our days must fly,
> We'll keep their end in sight;
> We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
> And let them speed their flight."

Sunday, 24*th*.—I have this day visited the sanctuary. O, what a blessing! How little do I prize it. The sun which shines upon myriads of happy beings, who meet for the worship of God, sheds its beams also upon millions of others, who

> "Never heard the sound of the church-going bell,
> Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

Two or three days after the above date, Mr.

Brown complains of great coldness and stupidity while very much engrossed by his studies. On Wednesday he received a letter from the pastor of the Baptist Church in N——, where he spent the previous winter in teaching school.—The letter informed him of the commencement of a glorious revival, and the appointment of a protracted meeting to commence on the next Tuesday. The state of religion had been very low in that village, and we have seen by his letters, written while he was engaged in his school there, how much he desired a revival in that place. No intelligence could have been more joyfully welcomed by our dear brother at this time. He says, "The letter informed me that God had at length visited that place in mercy, and sinners were crying, 'what must we do to be saved?' O, my feelings were indescribable. I laid aside my studies; they were wholly uninteresting. My thoughts were entirely upon N——." He speaks of his studies affording him no pleasure, his mind was so much occupied with anxiety for perishing sinners in N——. On Friday evening, he determined to go to that place the next day. On Saturday, he walked twenty-two miles on foot, in about six hours, besides "stopping frequently to pray" for the people of the village he was going to visit.—What a lovely example of early piety. How

anxiously must he have desired the salvation of sinners, when he received with so much joy the news of their turning to God. And when he tried so hard to reach the place, that he might converse with them, not forgetting to stop often to pray. O, what an example is this for the cold, heartless professor. Above all, what an admonition to those thoughtless sinners, who have so much less pity on themselves, than those feel for them who have no worldly interest in their salvation. With what complacency must the Son of God have looked down upon this lovely example of youthful piety. With what delight angels must have witnessed this holy ardor so much resembling their own. It is in vain that men may tell us religion is not a divine reality. Contrast the anxiety and prayers and labors of our brother for the salvation of sinners, with all the selfishness of this cold, interest-seeking world, and the difference must show that divine grace gives new life and makes a new heart. This benevolence, which prompts the Christian to desire so earnestly the salvation of others, to labor so faithfully and make such sacrifices for the attainment of an object in which he cannot possibly have any worldly interest, is as plainly different from the feelings and conduct of worldly men, as the brightest noonday is unlike the darkest midnight. Mr. Brown

speaks of this meeting in all its particulars, with a deep interest. He appeared to have felt more deeply for the people of N——, on account of his having many relations residing there, and his previous acquaintance with many of the people. And his joy now, on seeing the revival in the church, and sinners turning to God, was proportionate to the anxiety he had felt. The next week he returned to the Seminary, and attended a protracted meeting in the village where it is located. He says:

Monday, May 9th.—Returned to Hamilton in the stage. A young lad came with me from Norwich, to attend the Academy in this place. O Lord, preserve him from the temptations that lurk around his path, and may his coming to this place result in his conversion. In the evening, bro. Moore preached to the students. His text was, "Believing that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—One of the young ladies from the boarding house was deeply impressed with a sense of her situation as a sinner. At the close of this interesting interview, one of the brethren arose and remarked, that a protracted meeting would commence next morning in the village, and then asked, who was willing to pray all night that the blessing of God might rest on the meeting?

We retired for a few moments to our rooms and to our closets; when nearly all the students returned to the chapel, where we continued in prayer till three o'clock in the morning. During our prayer meeting, the young lady mentioned above was so distressed that some of the brethren went into the boarding house and prayed with her. She was converted before the meeting closed, and also a young lad from A., a relation of one of the brethren."

The above is an example of faithfulness, worthy the imitation not only of all students, but of all Christians. God "will be sought unto by the house of Israel," and will faithfully answer the prayers of his saints. In this pleasing instance of faithfulness in prayer, we see its efficacy. Two precious souls were converted that night, besides the influence this prayer meeting must have had upon the protracted meeting about to be commenced. We learn from the remarks of our brother that the proposal was to pray *all night*. But some months afterwards in speaking to us of that meeting, he said when it had continued till 3 o'clock in the morning with increasing interest, it was thought best to close it that they might be prepared for the duties of the next day. O that Christians could often imitate the example of those brethren.

At the close of this week Mr. Brown left Hamilton on a visit to Connecticut. His Diary continued for a few succeeding days but contains nothing of particular interest, till after his return to the Seminary. During this visit his preaching and conversation we hope did much good. He visited us at Fall River, Mass. and preached on the afternoon of the Sabbath and in the evening to the great satisfaction and profit of the hearers. His conversation in private was very faithful and he seemed mostly desirous that he might be the means of the conversion of sinners.

As an example of the ingenious method which Mr. Brown had learned or devised for improving time to the best advantage we mention the following. We had been riding in company for many miles, till the conversation had become rather tiresome from the fatigue of the journey, and the multitude of topics which had been introduced, when he proposed that we should quote alternately, texts of scripture containing the name of some familiar object, such as tree, stone, &c. and the one who should mention the last text containing that word, when the other could quote no more, should be considered as excelling. We enjoyed the fruits of this ingenious device for many hours with much pleasure and profit. We should always select those diversions which will be profitable. Such will afford as much gratification as those vain and

wicked amusements in which too many professors of religion engage, at the same time that they afford us lasting benefit.

Another anecdote will answer a question which has often been asked with reference to protracted meetings. That is, why the meetings of this kind at the West have been so much more highly blessed than those held in this vicinity. The great secret is, the brethren of the Western churches, assembled at those meetings leaving the affairs of the world at home. They came expecting great things, and they prayed and labored with reference to the great work before them. Parents came burdened with the weight of the souls of their unconverted children. Children came feeling that it was the last troubling of the waters, when they might bring their unconverted parents. And Pastors and Christians felt that this was the time of awful decision with eternity-bound souls. That during the meeting many souls would probably decide for Heaven or Hell. They felt, too, that their prayers and their conduct as ministers and as Christians had much to do in saying what that decision should be. Under these circumstances, sinners were constrained to feel that to them the season was infinitely important. They came trembling, and the word preached found easy access to their hearts. Our dear brother had been attending meetings of this kind, and came here expecting to find the same

spirit, but we regret to say, was too much disappointed. We attended a protracted meeting in Exeter, R. I., which was held in a beautiful grove, and during a recess we repaired with others to a house in the vicinity for refreshment.—On our return from the house, bro. Brown came up to me with a very sorrowful, dejected look, saying, "Bro. M——, would you believe it! I heard one of those aged brethren inquiring the price of sheep!" The offence really appeared to be small, but it was altogether incompatible with his idea of that faithfulness which Christians owe to one another and to the unconverted on such occasions. The meeting was blessed to the conversion of some souls, but we may safely conclude it was not owing to the instrumentality of the brother who thought more of sheep than of perishing sinners! However innocent it might have been for that brother to talk about the affairs of the world under other circumstances, it was his duty, when attending that meeting, to leave all other things for the great work of laboring for the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

During this visit of Mr. Brown, he was in a town where there had not been a revival of religion for two or three years; but where considerable had been done in building a meeting house and furnishing it. The pastor of the

church was telling him how much had been done, and how greatly things were improved, when with a deep sigh he said, "*Yes, all this, but no revival.*" How expressive was this answer of his view of the comparative worthlessness of all these improvements! We may often say of new meeting-houses, splendid appearances, popular preachers and fashionable hearers—*all these, but no revival.*

A minister once remarked to us, by way of boasting, that he had the gayest congregation in the city. Let others take the appearances if they desire them, but give us the *revivals.*—The *revival* should be the first object; other things may be innocent in their place.

Mr. Brown spent several weeks in the vicinity of home, and then started for Hamilton to resume his studies. We find the following entrances in his Diary, after his return:—

Friday, Oct. 14th.—It is now evening.—This day has passed away, and I have had but little enjoyment until about dark. My roommate having gone out, I had a season of solemn prayer, and feel much refreshed. I felt to pray for myself, for my relatives and for poor sinners. My heart melted within me as I thought of their condition. I feel perfectly happy, and,

trust, I am willing to give up myself to God, and be for him, and for none else.

Saturday, 15*th*.—After breakfast my room-mate and myself read a portion of Scripture, as our custom is, and I supplicated the throne of grace. We had a heavenly time. My heart was pained for sinners, who, in this gospel-enlightened land, are going to hell. O, what will they do, when God shall take away their souls! —Felt as though I wanted to trample this vain world with all its honors and splendors beneath my feet, and to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified. This evening, when returning from the village to the seminary, I thought much of heaven, that bright world where we shall see the Saviour and be free from this body of death. O! what are all the sorrows of this wicked world, if in a short time we shall be carried home to everlasting rest.

Friday, 21*st*.—This day I have been examining my past life. In looking back, I find I have done but little for God in all my life. I have been a professor of religion for a number of years; but, O! how few the attainments I have made in piety—how little holiness of heart do I now possess. In view of these things, I have concluded to devote to-morrow as a day of fasting and prayer, that I may afflict my soul, and humble myself before the God of heaven.

Saturday, 22*d*.—Have been trying this morning to fix my thoughts on God, and confess to him my sins. O, that this may be a day of breaking of heart—of getting into the dust with me. I would say to this vain world, "Be gone, let my religious hours alone." The day has passed by, and another week is closed. I have tried to spend the day in fasting and prayer, and reading devotional books, particularly the life and exercises of the pious Brainard. When I compare my feelings with his, it seems, if such a man as he complained of darkness and stupidity, I have but little reason to believe that I "have passed from death unto life." O, the pride of my heart, and the stubbornness of my will! When shall I be free from this body of sin and death? O, that I might lie in the dust all my days.

Mr. Brown, it appears, made but one more entrance in his Diary, and that not till many months after the above date. We would not publish it, as it speaks so unsparingly against himself, were it not for two considerations. One of these is, our determination to present the subject of this Memoir in his real character, "a man of like passions with us," and not to persuade the reader that he was entirely exempt from faults. The other consideration is, the

hope that some backslider, who may read this, shall find his own condition and awful responsibility so touchingly portrayed in the following extract, as to be awakened from his guilty slumbers.

Sunday Evening, March 25th, 1832.—It has now been a long time since I wrote in my Diary. I feel guilty before God. One reason is, during a few weeks or months past, I have been in a deplorably stupid state. I have had little or no feeling for souls that are perishing.—My closet duties have been neglected—my advancement in study retarded, and a cloud of darkness and gloom settled down upon my spirit. Where am I? Where is that ardor of feeling I once possessed, or, at least, thought I possessed? What course am I pursuing? Am I a child of God, a friend of Jesus, or have I deceived myself and others? Am I not a Judas, or a Simon Magus? Am I not one of those who will finally meet with deep and dreadful disappointment? fondly dreaming that the breath of heaven is filling my sails and wafting me onward toward the port of endless peace, while in reality I am sailing down to hell. When I look back a few months past, it seems a desert, where no bright spot is seen to relieve the eye. O! thou compassionate God, why is my unprofit-

able life prolonged? Why hast thou kept away disease and death from me? If thou shouldst remove me from the walls of Jerusalem, and never permit me to address my dying fellow-men again—shouldst thou take thy Holy Spirit from me, and leave me to grope in darkness until the day of my death, I should have no reason to complain. O, may I wake up from this dreadful insensibility, and not, in this day of revivals, remain as the heath in the desert. Every consideration calls upon me to awake. Souls are perishing. A world is going down to hell, to "dwell with devouring fire," while God is willing to hear and answer prayer. O, that I might have some more earnest desires after God and holiness, a disposition to cast the world away, and be more consecrated to Christ. I cannot "live at this poor dying rate" any longer. I am a burden to myself. Almighty God, I throw myself upon thy mercy.

> "Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
> Let a repenting rebel live."

Help me, during the week, to watch and pray, and avoid every appearance of evil."

The following are extracts from his letters, written while at Hamilton. They exhibit the devotional spirit which glowed in the breast of

our departed brother, and which commends itself to the notice and the conscience of every reader.

To a young gentleman preparing for the ministry, he writes:

"Hamilton, July 19th, 1831.

I know not where I may be called to labor. I feel that I have given myself up to the Lord, and wherever he, in his Providence, may open the way, there may I go with a cheerful heart, looking far away beyond the boundary of sublunary bliss for a reward. When I left home, I thought three years, at the longest, would be long enough to spend here. But when I examined every circumstance, when I looked abroad upon the world and saw what laborers were needed, I quickly made up my mind to stay six years; and I bless God that such was my decision. If I die before my course is completed, I trust I shall feel that I have done right. When I turn my eyes on the world, and behold the millions of my fellow-beings who are going on to hell, I cannot but weep that there are so few laborers. And when I think of the number of young men, even in my own native land, who might be preparing for usefulness, but are now engaged in the pursuits of the world: ah! I am afraid the curse of God will rest upon them.—

O, where is the young man who has but *one* talent, who will not devote it to the cause of Christ? There is only now and then one who feels it his duty to give himself up for God.—What a multitude of young men are becoming merchants, lawyers and physicians, while a few, and only a few, are willing to work for the Lord. And even professors of religion pursue this course. The slumbering church must awake, before the blest millennial morning will dawn upon the world.

Probably you are engaged in teaching a class in the Sabbath school this season. If so, remember your awful responsibility, and wherever you go, press upon sinners the importance of being reconciled to God. Many precious seasons have transpired during my life, when I might have warned my youthful companions of their danger, but I let these opportunities pass. They have gone by—they will return no more, and I must answer for the consequences at the judgment. Be faithful, dear brother, be faithful unto death."

To his brother he writes:

"Hamilton, Aug. 2d, 1831.

My Dear Brother,

It rejoices me to hear of the prosperity of one

of my near relatives, and the more so, when I have reason to believe that he will be disposed to do good with his property. I consider wealth to be desirable for no other purpose. I hope, if you are prospered, you will not think of ascribing it to chance or good fortune, as many do, but will remember it is God who alone "maketh you to differ." Your life and health are in his hands, and you are dependent on him for every good you enjoy. He can easily disappoint your fondest hopes, and send blasting and mildew over your fairest prospects. O then, dear brother, forget not your God. Return him your most unfeigned thanks, and be found often in prayer. Say not you have not time to pray.—This will be no excuse when an assembled world shall crowd around the bar of God."

He writes again, Feb. 3d, 1832, to his brother, in New-York city:

"As for riches, I pant not for them. They will quickly vanish away. Should I possess them in abundance, they will not drive away the cares and perplexities of life. I often drop a tear, as I look over the world and see how vast a proportion of the human family are chasing the shadowy objects of time and sense, which will soon be dashed like the bubble on the ruf-

fled stream. O, when will men begin to act as rational beings, and be less solicitous about the things of this world, and fix their eager eyes upon the crown that will never fade away? You request my prayers that you may live a life devoted to God, and be preserved from those snares with which you are surrounded in a voluptuous city. Yes, you shall have them. I will pray to God that you may turn away from the voice of temptation, and keep yourself unspotted from the world. I need not tell you that dangers lurk around your path. Many young men, who supposed their "mountain stood strong," have at last been ruined. How many have listened to the voice of temptation, perhaps at first with a consciousness that there was danger, but have at length become so familiarized with it, that they have been almost imperceptibly drawn away from the path of purity into the coils of vice. Beware, dear brother, of the first step in sin. "One compliance prepares us for another," and another, till the flood-gates of iniquity are opened, and then farewell to virtue, reputation, and all that is dear to us. But why need I dwell upon this subject? Is there danger that you will finally break away from the restraints of religion, and plunge yourself into vice and degradation? I should apprehend no such danger, if I were sure you spent full a

half hour each day in reading the Scriptures, in meditation and in secret prayer. But when we are bent upon making money, we are liable to neglect prayer and forget that God has claims upon us. When we do so, we are like a ship on the bosom of the stormy deep, without a rudder or a compass. O, I conjure you, by all that is tender and endearing, not to forget your closet."

We copy the following portion of the same letter, as it is an appeal to thousands, who are not ministers, to exert themselves in the cause of Christ. The feeling is too prevalent among private Christians, that all the self-denial and sacrifice for the cause of Christ belong to the minister. They can pursue the course which will be the means of their obtaining the most money, without any reference to the conversion of sinners, while the minister must sacrifice his ease, property, health and life for the cause of religion. Many a faithful minister has slept in an untimely grave, owing to this disposition among his lay brethren. The truth is, God has made it the duty of all his children to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and He will not hold him guiltless who conducts otherwise. It is the duty of *every Christian* to seek that place of residence and follow that pur-

suit in which he can be the means of converting the greatest number of souls. O, that we could convince Christians of this duty. Thousands of those who profess to love God more than all beside, and have publicly repeated the language of the Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I am crucified to the world and the world is crucified to me," consult their own pecuniary interest in most of their plans and conduct.— They locate themselves in cities and large towns where their influence is lost among the multitude of professed Christians, while the feeble churches of surrounding villages are struggling for life against the opposition of the unconverted multitude. And why is this? What excuse can these Christians render up to God in the day of judgment? Not that it would be for the glory of God, or the good of souls, but because they could make money faster. If ever the world is converted, much of it must be done by private Christians. And in all their conduct they must make the glory of God and the conversion of souls their first *business*. But we invite the attention of the reader to the voice of our departed brother, "who being dead yet speaketh."

"I sometimes think you are not pursuing that

course which is your duty. You might be useful, eminently useful in the church of God.—And to do this, you are not obliged to preach; there are other courses you could pursue. You might become a Sunday school teacher in the great valley of the Mississippi, and be instrumental in the conversion of thousands who otherwise will be lost. And suppose you should be instrumental in the conversion of *one soul*, contrast its incomparable value with all the pomp and splendor of a wicked world."

To the Rev. Albert G. Palmer he writes:

"Hamilton, May 23, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER,

* * * * * It seems by your letter you have commenced publishing the messages of mercy to sinners. If there is any thing which affords me peculiar pleasure, it is to see young men, just setting out in life, devoting themselves to the service of the blessed Redeemer. True, the situation that the minister of the Lord Jesus is called to occupy, is an awfully responsible one. It is a station where difficulties crowd upon us from every quarter. One which calls for much self-denial, watchfulness, and an earnest solicitude for the salvation of sinners, who, in vast multitudes, are pressing on to the gates of ever-

lasting death. But there are some softening shades to this picture. There are precious promises to the children of God. O, if it were not for these, how often should we sink down in despair! But the promise of the Saviour, "Lo, I am with you alway," cheers our drooping spirits, nerves us for the "bitter struggle," and arms us with undying fortitude to "fight the battles of the Lord."

In a letter to his mother, dated September 8th, 1832, he speaks of visiting the family of a distant relative, and thus describes the head of the family, and the interview with him:

"He has the appearance of an old man. His locks are white, and the decrepitude of age is settling down upon him. Alas! he still continues to drink ardent spirits. Just before leaving, I talked with him upon the subject of religion. I asked him what were his hopes for *eternity*? He held down his head, and answered somewhat hesitatingly, 'I believe the Universalist doctrine is about as true as any.' Poor old man, thought I, can it be that you are going to launch into the ocean of eternity upon such a frail plank as this! I tried to remind him of the brevity of life, the vanity of earthly things, and advised him no longer to cling to a hope

which 'is as a spider's web,' and which would destroy his soul."

He speaks in the same letter of visiting two other relatives, who were very wealthy, and after describing their possessions and style of living, says:

"But alas! neither of them seem anxious to lay up a treasure in Heaven. I left on Tuesday, having had a very pleasant visit. When I rode away I thought to myself, of how little consequence is the wealth of this world. It will not afford consolation in the hour of death, it will not purchase the favor of heaven, nor benefit us in eternity. O, it is better to pine in poverty and be rich toward God, than to ride in chariots of splendor and receive all 'our good things in this life.' When will men learn to place a proper estimate upon ETERNITY."

To a brother in the ministry he writes, under date of November 18, 1832:

"I sometimes try to take enlarged views of the world, but O my heart sinks within me and a chill comes over my spirits when I think of the situation of the human family, the greatest proportion of whom are in the 'broad road,'

passing on to death. And I sometimes ask myself, must all these beings go down to hell, to endure forever the frown of the Almighty? I stretch my thoughts onward into eternity, and reflect upon the amount of suffering they must endure—my soul shudders at the prospect, and I am ready to cry out, O cannot I do something towards saving these multitudes from such a fearful doom? I feel at times willing to go any where, and cheerfully make any sacrifice God shall require."

In the same letter from which the above extract is made, we find the following remarks:

"I perceive, by your letter, that you still think of getting a better education. I know not what will be the best course for you, but I am fully convinced it is our duty to become learned men if circumstances will permit. It may enable us to exert a wide influence while living, and our writings may render us useful long after we sleep in death, and may tell upon the destinies of unborn millions. Professor Sears, in lecturing upon this subject, not long since, made the following remark: 'President Wayland preached a sermon, (the moral dignity of the Missionary enterprize) a few years since, and he has had, continues to have, and will continue to have, *the world for his audience.*'"

To his mother he writes, December 13, 1832:

"This is Thanksgiving day in the State of New York. Professor H. has preached us a sermon from Romans i. 21, in which the duty of thanksgiving to God was plainly pointed out. I have been thinking, that if there is a debt of gratitude due from any one to God, surely it is due from me. Heaven has showered upon me its choicest blessings, from infancy till the present time. While death in a thousand forms has been abroad in the world, his shafts have not reached me. While thousands have pined in want, I have always had an abundance of the good things of this life. In addition to these things, I have been remarkably preserved from sickness; for, I do not recollect of ever having what may be called, in the strictest sense of the word, a sick day in my life. There are other blessings I have received, more than I can mention. I have had the Bible to read—was taught in early life to reverence God—was preserved from outbreaking crimes—and, above all, I trust that God has pardoned my sins, and given me a hope rich with immortality. Certainly, then, I have abundant reason for deep and heartfelt gratitude; but O, my thankfulness has not been proportionate to the blessings received. I would

desire to possess a heart overflowing with gratitude, to have the feelings of the Psalmist when he said, 'O praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.'"

He writes, December 30, 1832:

***** "It affords me peculiar pleasure to hear from home, to hear that my friends were all well, &c. &c. But I cannot express my feelings of joy when I learned that cousin I. P. L. had concluded to abandon the practice of medicine, and commence a course of study preparatory to the ministry of reconciliation. My heart bounded within me as I read his interesting letter. Surely, thought I, this looks like making some sacrifice for Christ. To abandon a profession that has cost him years of hard study, and voluntarily relinquish all prospect of accumulating the riches of this world, (for you know preachers are generally *poor*) is a matter of no small importance. And for what does he make this sacrifice? For the privilege of preaching Christ crucified, to an impenitent world perishing in their sins. O how interesting to see the young men of our land taking a decided stand for God. I see them, after having completed their education, as they go forth into the world publishing the messages of mercy. I see

infidelity turning pale, and guilt shrinking back and withering at their approach. I see a host turning to God through their instrumentality, while they are exerting an influence that will roll down in a broad and deep current to the last space of recorded time. I extend my thoughts onward to eternity, and see a multitude rising up to call them blessed. Who, that they may accomplish such an amount of good, will not make any sacrifice the gospel requires; will not, if necessary, turn away from the cherished delights of home, to preach the gospel to the heathen?"

The instance alluded to above, of the young gentleman who changed his profession from a sense of duty, was a noble example of personal sacrifice for the good of souls. One which, we hope, will be followed by hundreds of young men who ought to "let the dead bury their dead, and come and follow" Christ. The time has arrived when Christians must be willing to make every sacrifice the gospel ministry requires, if they would be accepted with God, and see the world converted.

He writes, June 25, 1833, (speaking of the same relatives alluded to in his letter of September 8, 1832:)

"They seem bent upon the accumulation of wealth. They are not open opposers of religion, but while driving after the world, they find no time to attend to their interests beyond the grave. O the inexplicable folly of man! 'How wise for time, but how improvident for eternity!' When will men make religion (as it should be) the all-absorbing subject, instead of crowding it into the last corner of their lives?"

In the spring of 1833, Mr. Brown's health had become considerably impaired by study, and it was considered best for him to take a journey for its improvement. He accordingly spent several weeks in visiting the western part of the State of New York, Niagara Falls, &c. He speaks of the unparalleled kindness of all the ministers whom he visited. Of the great natural curiosity mentioned above, he says:

"The next morning I took the stage, and soon Niagara Falls, the wonder of the world, burst full upon my sight. I reached Niagara village about 10 o'clock, and staid there until the next day about the same time. My expectations concerning the Falls were much raised, and I was some afraid I should be disappointed; and indeed I was disappointed, but not as I feared, for they were more grand and

imposing than I had anticipated. I visited Goat Island, crossed over on the Canada side below the Falls, stood on 'Table Rock,' where I had the best view of the scene. If ever a person feels emotions of sublimity, it is when gazing at such a spectacle as this. But my pen would do it injustice, if I should attempt to describe the overpowering grandeur of the scene."

He returned to Hamilton in June, and attended the Commencement of the Institution. He speaks of this as a season of uncommon interest, from the fact that Mr. Wade and his wife, Missionaries to Burmah were present, accompanied by several of the converted heathen.—We can perceive by a letter written some time after, in which he describes this scene, that bro. Brown enjoyed it with religious enthusiasm. He speaks of the address of Mr. Wade, and the answers to questions proposed to the Burman and Karen converts, the remarks of Prof. Sears to the graduating class, and all the exercises, with rapturous delight. One of the class, about to leave the Institution, (Mr. Comstock) had been Mr. Brown's room-mate; they had been intimate, and were about to be separated, perhaps till they met in eternity. This, with other

circumstances, made the day one of peculiar interest to our departed brother, and he profited greatly by the scene.

CHAPTER III.

From the time he left Hamilton till his death. Remarks, &c.

In the summer of 1833, Mr. Brown was invited to become the Principal of the Seminary for young ladies in Pawtuxet, which was then about to be opened. He consented, with the understanding that he should continue to occupy that situation for one year only, when he expected to resume his studies. His object in this arrangement was to obtain the means of defraying the expenses he had already incurred, and to prepare for the completion of his course.

On his return from the West, it was easily perceptible that during the two years of his absence, he had made great advances in piety. In one respect especially was this the case. Perhaps Mr. Brown's greatest fault was too great cheerfulness, if this term expresses the besetting sin of many ministers, to which we allude; we would hardly call it rudenesss, as this term implies more than we design to express. We know that much may be urged in favor of a degree of lightness in some ministers. Their natural temperament is such they are easily moved to sorrow or joy—their close mental application to

their studies—their constant and very deep anxiety in their labors—and many other circumstances, might be urged, and often are urged in favor of the relaxation which is enjoyed in those seasons of lightness. But we must admit, let the censure fall where it may, that these excuses, however plausible, when carried forward to the judgment, will not abide the test. We should not think such conduct pardonable in a physician, when standing at the bed-side of his dying patient, or in the Judge on the bench, when trying a fellow-creature in a cause of life and death, or in the minister when standing on the scaffold as the messenger of God to the guilty, condemned culprit, about to be launched into eternity. And yet every hour, every moment of the minister's life, is no less solemn. He stands as the messenger of mercy, "the legate of the skies," between Almighty God and guilty man. How affectingly solemn is the consideration that the minister is surrounded by immortal souls bound to the judgment, and all the retributions of Eternity! That by every word he speaks he is exerting an influence on all around him, for weal or wo! The trifling conversation heard from the minister, by the careless sinner, may be the last words of the former which shall sound in the ears of that sinner, till they meet in the day of judgment.

The resolutions of Mr. Brown that he would tell no anecdote unless it would be for God's glory, and that he would try not to laugh loud, nor talk unprofitably, had a happy influence over his naturally lively disposition. When he again visited his friends, after the long absence alluded to, his more than usual solemnity, his extensive views of Christian duty, and his warm devotion to whatever appeared to be for the glory of God and the good of souls, gave evidence that he was fast ripening for heaven. But plain as were these indications of Divine Providence, we were slow to admit their truth. We fondly hoped it was but the greater expansion of the beautiful flower, which is destined long to exert its delightful influence upon all around it. But alas! the frosts of death were preparing to blast our fondest hopes.

He arrived in North Stonington in July, spent several months in preaching there and in the vicinity, and came to Pawtuxet in August. The time till the school commenced in September, he occupied in study, preaching and visiting his friends. The school opened under prosperous circumstances, and he was highly gratified with his situation. We anticipated much pleasure and profit from his society; but how suddenly and sadly were we disappointed. He preached once on the Sab-

bath to the congregation in Pawtuxet, a short time before he died. As it was the last time, we cannot forbear a remark upon the circumstances. How solemn is the reflection that ministers must preach their *last sermon!* There is a dying effort, the last message from our lips to guilty men. Our brother preached his last sermon in the pulpit which in the providence of God the writer at that time statedly occupied. His subject was on "counting the cost," as found in Luke xiv: 28. He was pointed, affectionate and faithful. He endeavored to awaken his hearers to a sense of the infinite responsibility which devolved on them as immortal, accountable beings, and we hope with some success. He was then in excellent health, and one would have supposed from seeing him that day, that no person had fairer prospects of protracted usefulness. Doubtless our brother thought so, but how were we all mistaken. It was his *last* sermon. Could he have been apprized that morning of this fact, how would he have preached! Could he have known that he was ascending to the pulpit for the *last* time—could he have been apprized that his words were the last message to his eternity-bound congregation—could he have felt that he was leaving the pulpit for the last time—that in a few days his coffin would be placed before that pulpit, hold-

ing him in the cold embrace of death—how would he have felt!—how would he have preached! Reader, if you are a minister, O remember there is a *last sermon!* And the *next* may be the *last*. If you are not a minister, there is a last sermon to be heard, and you must hear the last. The last accents of mercy will die away on your ears, and the *next* may be the *last*. This principle ought to be impressed on the minds of all who preach and all who hear the gospel. Ministers should preach as if they knew the moment they closed the sermon, the Lord God would call them immediately to the judgment! How solemn, how deeply and awfully solemn to go from the pulpit to the judgment! And yet this has been true of many ministers; it may be true of *me*, of *you*, my reader. *O! preach every sermon, hear every sermon, as though it were the last.* The poet said, and may we truly say,

> "I preach as if I ne'er might preach again,
> And as a dying man to dying men."

One of the kings of England once remarked of a minister, "*he preaches to me as if death stood at his elbow.*"

He continued his school till Wednesday, October 23d. On Thursday he felt so much unwell it was thought best for him to remain quiet

a few days, not doubting but in a short time he would be able to resume the charge of the institution under his care. He continued to be confined with a slow fever, no one supposing him dangerous till Friday, November 1st, when our family physician thought it best to call in a physician from Providence. The physician from Providence came the same day, and pronounced the symptoms alarming. Saturday they were much more so, and it was thought he might not live through the day. We sent to Connecticut for his mother, and during the night he rested but little. During the first of his sickness he appeared anxious to recover. He said, "considering the circumstances under which I am now placed, I can hardly consent to die. I am now young and have scarcely done any thing yet for Christ. I have long been confined to my studies, and have just entered a situation in which I hoped to do much good. I want to wear out my life in the service of my blessed Saviour. I would willingly live a long life and expose myself to every hardship, if I could be instrumental in converting souls to Christ."—Another subject of anxiety with him was the fact that he owed several individuals who had assisted him in his course of study, and he feared if he should die they would be obliged to suffer loss. It was some time before we could recon-

cile his mind to giving up this subject. Mr. Brown had involved himself somewhat beyond his means of paying, though he had made very laudable efforts to pay his expenses as far as possible while engaged in his studies. He taught a school during the vacations of the Seminary, while the longest was twelve weeks; and when the time of the vacations was changed to six weeks in the spring and the same in the fall, he occupied the time in procuring subscribers for different periodicals, and this was a part of his business when he traveled to the West.—When he became the principal of the institution in Pawtuxet, he had the flattering prospect of being able to pay all his dues in a few months. And it is due to him that those who suffered the loss alluded to, should know that on his death-bed he spoke with gratitude of their kindness to him, and most sincerely regretted that they could not be repaid by him. We soon succeeded in convincing him that he had done what he thought was his duty, and must leave the whole with God.

When his sister went into the room he called her to him and sweetly and calmly said, "Mary, I have been thinking perhaps my death may be productive of more good than I could possibly do in a long life. Who knows, (continued he, with much earnestness) who knows but God

may make my death the means of converting one soul? O, I can willingly die. I know that God will do right, and to him I will commit the whole!"

Early Sunday morning there was a sinking of the whole system, and we thought him dying. Just as we thought the last moment had arrived, he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me to thy own dear self." A heavenly smile rested on his countenance, and he said—"Dying, it is pleasant. Dying, it is pleasant. It is pleasant." Soon after, he said, "This may not be death. I fondly thought I was going. I was just entering heaven. I saw my Saviour extend his hand to receive me. But I must stay a little longer. And this is only a foretaste of what I shall soon enjoy."

After this he said, "Mary, raise that curtain' that I may see the sun once more." He lay in an upper room commanding a delightful view of the most enchanting scenery. The sun was just rising, the broad bay was covered with sails beautifully ploughing its smooth surface; all the surrounding objects seemed to speak of God and heaven, and add to the beauty and sublimity of the scene. He turned his eyes toward the window, and had a full view of the prospect from where he lay. "O," said he, "how pleasant; but I shall see the sun rise no more,

and to-morrow I shall be in a far more pleasant place." O, how heavenly was that scene! We all felt,

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged above the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

He soon after revived considerably, and we found that he was not immediately dying. He was very anxious to see all the young ladies of his school, that he might converse with them; but his physician thought it was not advisable. To a friend who called to see him, and who was not a professor of religion, he said—"You have been very kind to me, you are an excellent moral man, but all this is not religion; you must be born again. You may now see the value of being prepared to die. While I lie here on this bed of sickness and pain and death, my mind is not disturbed by fears and anxieties about dying; but I love to lie here and glance a thought away to heaven, and feel that there is my home."

To another, after entreating him not to place his affections on the world, but to live devoted to God, he added—"Do not, for one moment, admit the thought that God may possibly save all mankind; for, though he is merciful, he is *just*. I see his flaming justice now—*out of Christ he is a consuming fire*."

"Ah!" said he, "I well remember the first sermon I ever preached. It was from the text, '*For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*' And I remember another. It stands before me now, in broad and living capitals:—'*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.*'"

About twelve o'clock at noon, he appeared to be dying, and we were anxious he should take something to revive the system, in hopes that there was still a possibility he might recover. But he was exceedingly reluctant, from his anxiety to "depart and be with Christ." It was a long time before he would take any thing, and then not till we had used every argument which would be likely to influence him. We told him it might prolong his life for a few hours till his mother should arrive. He replied, "I want to see my dear mother, but I feel that I cannot stay." The physicians came in just at that time, and one of them remarked that he might possibly live twenty or thirty years to labor in the cause of Christ. But he answered him very pleasantly—"Doctor, you know I cannot recover; if there were any prospect of it, I should be willing to live to do good, but I want to go now." He finally consented to take

something, and when the physician presented the spoon to his lips, containing spirits of ammonia, he positively refused to take it, till assured that it contained no ardent spirits. After this he revived again, and was able to converse freely for some hours. He was in a heavenly frame of mind during the day, and often repeated with strong emotion,

> "Roll swifter round ye wheels of time,
> And bring the welcome day."

And,

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> O, how I long for thee."

He also often repeated, with great rapture,

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

At one time during the day he remarked—"What a new aspect divine things appear to have in the hour of death! how much more sure are all the promises! how much brighter is every prospect of heaven. If I had known this, I should never have been afraid to die." The reader must indulge us in a remark upon the infinitely important sentiment contained in the above sentence. At death, the world and

all its trifling concerns are swept away by the strong tide of eternal realities which sets in upon the soul. At that moment all the powers of the mind are possessed of unusual strength. If the dying man be a Christian, the world is forgotten, and in letting go his hold on the earth, he grasps heaven the more firmly. Looking away from all below, he gazes with more intense interest on things above. His nearness to eternity gives him a fuller and plainer view of heavenly bliss, and he is astonished that he finds so easy a conquest over death, and that the triumph is so complete. His faith with new power beholds Christ as the destroyer "of the last enemy," leading "captivity captive," and he triumphantly exclaims, even in the last struggles,

"Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

He finds "the valley of the shadow of death," which before appeared dark and gloomy, lighted up by the Sun of righteousness, and made delightfully pleasant by the presence of the blessed Saviour and a bright retinue of celestial spirits; and he exclaims with our departed brother, *Had I known this was dying, I should never have been afraid to die.* Reader, are you a Christian? If so, you need not fear death. Live on fearlessly, but faithfully, and when

death shall come, he will be a messenger of mercy. A death-bed shall be to you "the gate of heaven." Then shall you feel the truth of what the poet has said:

> "Jesus, the vision of thy face
> Hath overpow'ring charms;
> Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
> If Christ be in my arms."

But if the dying man has not not made his peace with God, the fact is not changed. There is the same increase of mental energy, the same nearness to eternity; and the only difference is in the different objects which meet his view and the different feelings which he possesses. Then conscience wakes up from its long and deep slumbers—then the slighted offers of mercy, the broken law, and above all, a rejected Saviour "trodden under foot," appear before the dying sinner in all the blazing light of Eternity! Reader, if you are not a Christian, think of the terror, the untold agony of that fearful moment, when in the language of the Lord of hosts, "your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you!" You can "cast off the thoughts of dying," and be prayerless and indifferent in health; but death is coming, "on all the rapid wings of time," and "there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." In the hour of death you will

find it true. Then as the waves of the sea never rest, so shall the waves of dying sorrow begin their ceaseless rolling over your guilty soul. Now is the time to escape that storm; and do not forget this one fact, that *in the hour of death all things will appear before you in the light of eternity, and you had better be prepared for that awful hour.*

"Fools men may live, but fools they cannot die."

The prisoner sleeps, and dreams that he is rich and honorable, and surrounded by all the pleasures of the world; but soon he is awakened by the heavy footsteps and the harsh voice of the executioner, summoning him to the fatal scaffold. Alas! how sad his disappointment! how mournful the change! So the sleeping, careless sinner is dreaming of wealth and honor and pleasure. But O, the voice of death will soon rouse him from his slumbers, and he must "awake to shame and everlasting contempt."

Mr. Brown continued to fail during the afternoon, but was able to converse with his mother, who arrived toward the close of the day. We anticipated that the shock would be very heavy to her in losing such a son; but she found him so triumphantly happy, so delighted with the prospect of dying, that she rejoiced, instead of mourning. He called her to his bed side, be-

fore he died, and smiling, said—"Mother, let me take the last look at you; I am going to join the society of the redeemed above." In the evening he was so much deranged by weakness as to be insensible, and about nine o'clock, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

This is but a faint description of the last day of our departed brother. We may exclaim with an eminent divine, "how many years of pleasure does such a dying moment overbalance!" O the power, the excellency of religion! "Divine Christianity! it is thine only to comfort and support the languishing and the dying." Death never appeared so to us before. Its gloom and terror were dispelled before the triumphs of the cross. While we stood by his bedside, we could not make it seem like death. It seemed like one going home, after a long absence from the place he most fondly loved. It was the joy of the prisoner when his prison doors are opened and he is permitted to go free. It was the rejoicing of the ransomed slave when his chains are knocked off. Nay, it was more; it was the rapture of the dying saint. It was the last shout of conquest of the ransomed spirit over all the powers of darkness. It was the joy which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," but which the dying Christian feels when he sees "the heavens open and Jesus sitting on the right hand of God."

On the next Tuesday, his remains were carried to the meeting-house, where a very solemn and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. R. E. Pattison, of Providence, from the words of the Saviour—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." A large congregation assembled to pay the last duties of respect to one who, though he had resided with them but a short time, yet long enough to gain their affections. His remains were deposited in a tomb in the village, for a few months, and then removed to his native town.

Thus faded, withered, died, one of the fairest flowers in the garden of God; one of the brightest ornaments of the Church. And how sadly were we disappointed! Our anticipations in regard to his future course were exceedingly high. We hoped to enjoy his society, and see him show to others the prevailing passion of his heart; that pure kindness and holy benevolence, so seldom found on earth, and yet so essential to human happiness. We had hoped to see him a champion of the cross, comforting the saints as a "son of consolation," bearing down the opposition of infidelity with the power of the cross, and winning souls to Christ as a messenger of mercy. And surely the commence-

ment of his career promised all this. The fields, all whitened for the harvest, the few laborers in readiness to reap that harvest, appeared to give assurance that the life of one so promising must be spared, and that we should realize our anticipations; but, a few days convinced us that "God seeth not as man seeth," and in our disappointment we were compelled to say, with the patriarch, "He holdeth back the face of his throne and spreadeth His cloud upon it." In our bitter disappointment, our irreparable loss, we "mourn, but not as those who mourn without hope." We mourn as those who see the frosts of winter destroy the buds of fairest promise, but who look for consolation to another spring, which shall restore in greater beauty the faded flowers.

Mr. Brown was a member of the Pawtuxet Lyceum, and at a meeting subsequent to his death, a resolution was passed appointing a committee to address a letter to the friends of the deceased, expressing their regret for the loss of so valuable a member of their Society, and their sympathy with his friends in their deep affliction. The letter of the committee is given to the public, because it is so expressive of the character of our departed brother.

"Pawtuxet, December 25th, 1833.

To the Friends and Relatives of Mr. Brown, late Preceptor of the Young Ladies' Institute in Pawtuxet, R. I.

At a public meeting of the Pawtuxet Lyceum, it was voted, that a committee be appointed to address a letter to the friends of Mr. Brown, expressing their regret for the loss of so valuable a member of their Society and their sympathy with his friends for their deep affliction. Through this affecting dispensation of Providence, many are called to mourn the loss of one dearly beloved, and lament his premature departure to the world of spirits. There were none among us in whom we had more confidence, as a gentleman and a Christian. While with us he was much respected by all who knew him, and highly esteemed by all his acquaintances. As a preacher, he was animated; as a teacher, he was beloved. He was a valuable member of society and an agreeable companion His piety was fervent, yet unostentatious;—his sickness was short, his death triumphant. He met the autumn of 1833 in the full vigor of health, happy in the bloom and brilliancy of the morning of life, buoyant with hopes unclouded by disappointment, and blessed with a constitution hitherto untouched by disease. But before the autumnal leaves had half fallen, he was

seized with a burning fever, which, with rapid and resistless force, wasted the springs of life, and rendered unavailing the sympathies of friends and the power of art. At once a model of patience and resignation, he exhibited during his last illness striking proofs of his happy disposition and calm serenity of mind. Sensible that his days were numbered, he applied to the great Physician of souls, to whom he had dedicated himself at a very early period in life, and received consoling and grateful assurance of peace. After a sickness of about ten days, he committed his soul to God, and departed in triumph for his heavenly home. A large circle of friends mourn his early demise, and deeply sympathize with the mother, brothers and sisters in this trying bereavement. The qualities which secured to him so unusual a portion of love and esteem, were, a heart free from malice and guile, manners open and engaging, with a deportment void of offence to all. the fruit of a happy equanimity of mind; but the sweeter the ties that bind, the more agonizing the pangs of separation. His death, although a public loss, yet to him is doubtless gai n. e has gone, we trust, to partake of the richest blessings of that gospel which he so warmly recommended to others, and, for the preaching of which, he had early prepared himself.

Farewell, blessed spirit! we cling with mournful pleasure to the recollection of thy mild virtues and amiable graces in health and in sickness, and rejoice that divine grace enabled thee, amid the agonies of dissolution, to meet fearlessly the king of terrors, and in calm and placid hope, to fall asleep in the arms of thy Saviour. Though unspeakable our loss, our sorrow is turned into joy, in view of thy happy exchange from suffering to glory. God hath mercifully vouchsafed this rich assurance to temper our untold affliction, and though severe the stroke, we acknowledge and bless the dispensing hand. Through faith our griefs are assuaged.

"We see around Immanuel's throne,
Another spirit bowing;
Low at his feet it casts its crown,
With love and rapture glowing.

His body rests in hope, to rise
When the glad trump is waking;
His soul with Jesus in the skies,
Of endless joys partaking."

WILLIAM T. ESTEN."

When the news of Mr. Brown's death was communicated to the faculty and students of the Hamilton Seminary, Rev. S. S. Whitman, one of the Professors, was appointed to preach a sermon to the students, with reference to the af-

fecting event. We subjoin an extract of a letter received from Professor W. He says of Mr. Brown:

"He sustained an honorable connexion with the Institution till his death, and died respected and beloved by all his fellow students. Although cut down in the morning of his days, yet his name will not soon be forgotten in the Seminary, which we hoped he would live to adorn. But the ties of friendship, and youthful hopes, and useful life, and promising talents, and a solemn consecration of them to the cause of Christ, could not save him from an early grave. When it was suddenly announced in the chapel that "Ralph I. Brown is no more," we were all solemnly impressed with the monitory example of the uncertainty of life, and the frailty of youth. You know what high expectations and what glowing hopes he had cherished, and how they have all been withered in an hour. I trust we were all disposed to convert this solemn event to a profound consideration of the hand of God."

The following is an extract of a letter from Willam Rhodes, Esq. of Pawtuxet, who, with all the kind friends of that village, watched at the bedside of our brother in his sickness and death, and administered to his necessities all that the hand of friendship and piety could bestow. Their kindness is deeply engraven on the hearts of surviving friends, and registered in heaven:

"*Rev. Mr. Miner*,

DEAR SIR,

I highly approve of your undertaking in publishing the Memoirs of my late worthy young friend, R. I. Brown. Very seldom, if ever, have I found so worthy, so deserving a young man; one who valued himself only for his usefulness to others—so mild and unassuming, yet firm and energetic. Such confidence in passing from this world to another and better one, I never saw evinced by any man before. I could say much, very much, on his various qualifica-

tions and virtues, but have not time at present. Believe me your friend,

WILLIAM RHODES.

Wednesday Morning, July 18, 1835."

We promised to allude again to the place of his burial. In the winter after his death, his remains were removed from the tomb in Pawtuxet, where they were at first deposited, to the family burial place. This is situated, as it was before remarked, near the spot where our brother in his boyhood engaged in his youthful sports. We had the melancholy pleasure the next spring of placing the green turf on the grave, which contained "all that was mortal," of one of the kindest friends and most devoted Christians. It was an hour never to be forgotten; one well calculated to impress the mind with the uncertainty of the things of earth, and our constant exposure to the shafts of death. A short time before, our brother was in health, and as we have seen, surrounded by the fairest prospect of long life and eminent usefulness. But even then he thought of death. When a young lady, at the time of his last visit to North Stonington, said to him as they parted "When shall I see you again, Ralph?" he replied

"*Perhaps not till we meet in the day of judgment.*" His anticipation was right—they have not since met, nor will they meet till that

> "Amazing period! when each mountain height
> Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
> Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
> Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
> Her ploughshare o'er creation!"

While we placed the sward upon the grave, we thought of our blasted hopes and disappointed anticipations, and the momentary melancholy was heightened by the setting sun, the shades of evening, the murmuring waterfall, and the plaintive notes of the birds in their evening song. All seemed to remind us of the night of death, when the sun sets for the last time, and the darkness that comes over us is the "shadow of death." But O, the gloom was momentary—it was dispelled by the sentiment so feelingly expressed by the poet:

> "Why should I fear my dying day,
> Since Christ hath took my guilt away;
> And taught me with my latest breath,
> To triumph o'er thy terrors, Death?"

We rejoiced in the reflection that it was the body only which slept in dust; the soul had winged its way to heaven, and was singing in

holy rapture with the angels and "spirits of just men made perfect." And

"There, O my brother! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss."

Mr. Brown from the commencement of his ministry had preached one hundred and twenty-five times. In his preaching he endeavored in simplicity to present the truths of God, as should be most likely savingly to affect his hearers. When on one of his visits to Connecticut, some one asked him concerning the Rev. Mr. ———, a gentleman celebrated as a *great*, but not a *successful* preacher; his reply was, "He is preaching great sermons and starving his people."

We have selected the following outlines of a sermon, not as a fair specimen of his preaching talents, but because they seem most suitable for the close of this work:

GEN. iii : 19.—"*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*"

You are all familiar with the history of our first parents. When fresh from the hands of their Creator, they were placed in the garden of Eden, the loveliest spot of earth. Here they might have enjoyed uninterrupted felicity had they obeyed God. But they ate the forbidden

fruit. "Sin entered the world, and death by sin." From that period to the present, disease and death have triumphed over all our race.—Our text is a part of the curse denounced on man in consequence of his transgression. The subject which I have selected, will, doubtless, be regarded as gloomy, and many are disposed to turn away from the contemplation of it. The young, especially, would rather look at the bright side of the picture.—It is said of Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, that he employed a servant to wake him every morning with the exclamation, "*Philip, thou art mortal!*" It is well for us to look forward to the termination of our lives, to fix our thoughts upon the solemnities of a dying hour. It may lead us "so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." It is recorded of Xerxes the Great, that when from an eminence he surveyed his three millions of soldiers, and reflected that in a less time than one hundred years they all would be in their graves, he wept. And it is truly melancholy to know, that in a few years all who are now before me will have their names erased from the number of the living and enrolled on the long catalogue of the dead. We invite your attention to a few reflections upon this subject.

I. *Death is universal.*

Other evils may be partial. Famines, earthquakes or epidemics may affect only certain portions of the human family. Not so with death. Partial to none, all must fall before his scythe. As we trace back the history of the past, we learn of two only, Enoch and Elijah, who have escaped. There is no eluding now the grasp of death. We may combat successfully other enemies, but who can retard the approach or resist the power of "the king of terrors?"

II. *Death produces the most humiliating effects upon the body.*

Upon this I need only make a passing remark. How affecting, as we look upon our friends, as we see their countenances flushed with health, their eyes sparkling with beauty, to reflect that in a short time those bodies must lie in the grave, mouldering back to dust. That in a short time we must exchange the costly dress for the shroud, the splendid mansion for the coffin and the grave.

It is said of the late Judge Pierpont Edwards, of Connecticut, that in the height of his popularity he used to go to the grave-yard and weep to think he must soon lie there in all the humiliating corruptions of the dead. And can we boast of our fine persons? Let us remember the worm will soon be nestling in our shroud.

III. *Death frequently is sudden in his approach.*

Sometimes he gives warning by protracted sickness. But at other times he comes unexpectedly and suddenly. The reflection arises here, *how important that we be at all times ready!* Let him come in youth or old age, in sickness, or when the pulse beats high with expectation, we may be prepared.

IV. *Death makes no distinction in his victims.*

He enters the mansions of the great and gay, as well as the cottage of the poor. Wealth cannot bribe him, nor the splendid palace close its doors against him. Nor does he direct his arrows only at the aged and infirm. Often those robust forms which seem to bid defiance to death, wither at his approach. He tears away the youth of promise from the fond and doting parent. He is unmoved by tears, entreaties and prayers. Many often plead for one hour's respite, but plead in vain.

V. *Death ends the probationary state of man.*

Life is the only season of preparation for eternity. After death it will be said, "he that is holy, let him be holy still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." On life's feeble tenure hangs our eternal destiny.

VI. *Death ends the happiness and hopes of the sinner.*

"Son," said Abraham to the rich man, "son, remember thou in thy *lifetime* receivedst thy good things." Alas! many are receiving all their good things in their *lifetime*. Death to such is an unwelcome visiter. It not only ends the sinner's enjoyment, but his *hopes*. "While life prolongs its precious light," there is hope for the sinner. Is he in adversity, he may look forward to a brighter day. But when he dies, hope departs forever. What must be the situation of a soul without hope! This *undying* worm, this *unquenchable* fire, these *eternal* pains. Such will be the thoughts that will crowd upon the spirit. No hope shall light up his dying eye; but despair shall settle down upon his soul, and he be left to feel out his melancholy way through the regions of mourning, lamentation and wo.

VII. *Death will end the sorrows of the righteous.*

In the world they have tribulation. Friends prove treacherous. The howling storm of adversity often beats upon them. They are persecuted by the ungodly; but death releases them from all their troubles, all their toils. To them,

"Death is the gate to endless joy"

Remarks.

1. Christians have powerful motives to bear up against afflictions, opposition, &c.

2. Sinners should tremble lest they receive all their good things in this life. They should be alarmed at the near approach of death, and seize the present moment to make their peace with God.

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